Mr. Thistlethwayte.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

VOL. III.

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Thos Thistlethwayte

THE TWO FRIENDS

A NOVEL.

BY

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

"La société est souvent plus sévère pour l'oubli des convenances, que pour l'oubli des devoirs."

We left Lord Heatherfield in Wales, slowly recovering from the effects of his wound, attended by his friend Desbrow, whose unceasing care administered not more to his bodily than to his mental comfort.

The letter having been dispatched to Lady Walmer, in which he declared his renunciation of her hand, his mind gradually assumed its natural

tone: it seemed as if a fearful load was removed from it, and now the image of Emily reigned alone. Still his love was without hope, for though he knew she still thought of him with tenderness, could he flatter himself into the belief, that after the weakness and vacillation he had betrayed, she would confide her happiness to his keeping, or that she would bestow her hand on one whom she could no longer respect.

Desbrow interposed the shield of his firmness of character, between Heatherfield and his besetting sin, a dread of the opinions of the clique he denominated the world. Its false principles and conventional tactics still influenced him, and instead of relying on the only safe monitor, conscience, he referred to society for a criterion by which to govern his actions; and hence, found himself in continual opposition with moral duties as well as with his own feelings.

Conversing on this subject one day, he asked Desbrow, if the circle who had witnessed his attentions in former times to Lady Walmer, would not severely censure his desertion of her.

"Why, as to that," replied Desbrow, "the probability is, that long ere this, that circle has ceased to remember the existence of either of you,—one half having pronounced, that to marry her would be to confirm every evil report respecting her,—and the other, *vice versâ*.—Believe me, they have taken up some newer, and therefore more interesting topic, and will recur to her no more, until some other attachment on her part recalls her to their recollection."

"Spare me, my dear Desbrow," said Heatherfield; "indeed you wrong Lady Walmer; she is incapable of the levity of conduct you attribute to her. Would that I could flatter myself that some other and more fortunate attachment might replace the unhappy one she formed for

me; for then, I should have less self-reproach and chagrin than at present."

"It is your vanity, and not your reason, that makes you believe in the stability of the attachment you have inspired," replied Desbrow; "know you not, that 'L'amour-propre est toujours le premier compère de celui qui cherche à le duper.' It is thus, we all cheat ourselves. Lady Walmer will form another attachment,—if such selfish preferences can be so called,—and will prove to the world, that her despair at your desertion is much less profound, and of shorter duration, than you are at present willing to believe."

Heatherfield replied not, though he was still sceptical; for vanity, no less than a better opinion of Lady Walmer than she deserved, made him believe that her attachment to him was sincere and unchangeable.

The period now drew near, that had been

fixed on for Desbrow to seek his promised bride in France; he looked forward to it, with all the impatience of a lover, for his affection for Cécile had increased rather than diminished during their separation, kept alive as it was by a constant correspondence, that made her mind and character still better known to him, and still more admired. He could have wished his friend to accompany him to Paris, but he repressed the desire, because he dreaded that Lady Walmer might come there, and again try to shake his resolution, while to England, he felt certain she would not come, as the fear of meeting former friends, and a presentiment of the treatment she might experience from them, would deter her. The same idea had found place in the mind of Heatherfield, though he, from delicacy, refrained from expressing it: added to which, he felt a pleasure in remaining in the same country that held Emily, and had

a latent hope, that she might learn from the newspapers, those praters of the whereabouts of lords and ladies, that he was *not* on the continent.

Desbrow remained with Heatherfield until the last moment fixed for his departure for France had arrived, and then took an affectionate leave of him, promising, that when Cécile had become his wife, he would use all his influence with her, to represent to Lady Emily, Heatherfield's unceasing attachment to her, and disentanglement from Lady Walmer.

"I am persuaded," said Desbrow, "that when Lady Emily knows that no guilt has been either intended, or perpetrated by you, since you first sought her hand; and that hypocrisy is not to be added to the weakness, with which alone you are chargeable, she will regard your conduct in a totally different point of view; and if, by an avoidance of Lady Walmer,

you convince the world of the falsity of its conclusions respecting you, her family may be brought to receive you again as her suitor."

There was happiness even in the thought of this; and Heatherfield clung to it, as a ship-wrecked mariner clings to the last spar or rope, that offers him a chance of life.

The solitude in which he found himself after the departure of Desbrow, became every day less irksome; he had now ample time to commune with his own mind; and the emptiness of his past pursuits, and the fallacy of his former modes of reasoning and acting, now stood exposed in their natural colours. No longer in contact with that artificial circle, whose opinions had hitherto governed him, he learned to look on its applause or censure with indifference, and to examine his own motives by the most unerring of all judges, conscience. He passed his mornings in riding over his estate.

examining into the condition of his tenantry, relieving the necessities of the indigent, and planning such improvements of his castle and grounds, as would give employment to them. He found much to disapprove, as the late lord had not for many years visited his property in Wales, and the resident agent was, by age and personal infirmities, prevented from performing the arduous duties of his situation.

Hence, many abuses had crept in, under the management of the subaltern to whom the trust was confided; and Heatherfield set about remedying them, with a zeal directed by prudence and judgment. His evenings were given up to reading, for which he found his passion daily increase; but often was the volume laid down, while his thoughts dwelt on Emily, and he would form bright visions of the future, in which she was the presiding goddess who was to realize them. Then, would come the fearful

recollection of her delicate health, and she would appear to his mental eye as he had last seen her, with faded cheeks and wasted form, but more lovely in *his* sight, than when health's brightest roses bloomed on her face, and her rounded contour might have served as a model for the graces. It seemed to him as if he had never loved her till now; and the consciousness of his own unworthiness, made him doubly anxious to become all that could render him more deserving the treasure which he aspired to possess. So much had his passion for Emily increased since he had seen her at the inn, that he no longer dared to contemplate the possibility of not calling her his; and yet the hope of such happiness was too often chilled by a fear which is ever inseparable from true love, but to which, in his peculiar situation, he had but too much cause to give way. He might now be said to indulge in the luxury of soli-

tude, and he found its charms grow upon him every day. Reading and reflection strengthened the tone of his mind; and a self-examination, to which he accustomed himself, taught him to correct the defects that had hitherto sullied his character.

The Lord Heatherfield of Wales was as unlike the Arlington of a few months before, as if they had not been the same person. No longer influenced by the false maxims of a conventional state of society, which teaches not to correct, but to conceal vices, he every day became more worthy of the affection of her who had loved him, not for the qualities he possessed, but for those for which her own goodness and purity of mind had led her to give him credit. The fame of his steadiness, generosity, and charity, was soon spread through his neighbourhood, and gained him the respect and good-will of all. He felt that his pre-

sence was of essential value to his dependants, and that a personal acquaintance had drawn closer the bonds which united them. While dispensing happiness, and encouraging industry and good conduct, he often reflected how different his fate might have been, as an exile in a foreign land, shrinking from his countrymen, and pointed at as the husband of one he could not love, and whose conduct had forfeited his respect.

But while rejoicing in his escape from this ignoble thraldom, and its miserable consequences, he thought, with deep regret, of the evils Lady Walmer's ill-starred attachment to him, had entailed on her. With the self deception natural even to the least vain, he magnified the depth of this attachment, until he trembled for its probable results on her health and peace of mind; and while she thought only of amusing herself, or of recovering that station in

society in a foreign land which she had lost in her own, he pictured her to himself as pining in solitude, the barbed arrow of disappointed affection rankling in her breast, until he felt the liveliest pity for her supposed sufferings, though a warmer feeling he could not indulge towards her, Lady Emily Vavasour being the sole occupant of his *heart*

Having received a letter, announcing the death of his steward at Heatherfield Castle, he found himself compelled to quit his solitude in Wales, which he left with a regret that, he little fancied, on arriving there, he should ever have experienced on quitting it. He left it, too, followed by the regrets and good wishes of all, for his conduct during his stay there had "bought golden opinions from all sorts of men." The poor blessed him, the rich respected him, and all agreed in thinking they had indeed found a friend in their new landlord, who would

judge with his own eyes, instead of seeing only through the interested and prejudiced ones of some griping steward.

CHAPTER II.

"La société est appuyée sur de fausses bases, qui s'écroulent chaque jour d'une manière sensible. L'égoisme et la cupidité sont les ressorts secrets de toutes les actions ; ils règnent dans les emplois, dans le commerce, dans les familles ; chacune d'elles a resserré son cercle en disant: 'Hors d'ici, que m'importe.' Aussi, plus de lien entre les individus, plus d'enthousiasme pour le bonheur de la société, plus de morale enfin ; car aimer c'est se dévouer pour les autres. Hors de là, il n'y a plus de félicité publique à espérer."

The fortune bequeathed to Cécile de Bethune, by Lord Ayrshire, made a considerable change in the position of that young lady; though under age, she was entitled to receive the in-

terest of it, until she married, or reached her twenty-first year; and this acquisition of wealth not only gave the means of present comfort, but suggested to the minds of the Comte de Bethune, and his oracle, the Duchesse de Montcalm, the advantage to be derived from retaining the heiress and her heritage in their power as long as possible; or, if marry she must, of bestowing her hand and fortune on some Frenchman of high birth, with whom she would be fixed in France, and from whose residence in their own country her family would derive a vast accession of importance.

The Comte de Bethune had never cordially approved the projected marriage of his daughter with Desbrow, but his own poverty, and the wealth of the suitor, had silenced his objections. Indeed, he hardly dared avow to the friends who had acted like the tenderest parents to her, that his principal objection was, that

Desbrow was an Englishman—yet so it was. But, in addition to this, he saw, notwithstanding Desbrow's forbearance on political subjects, enough to convince him that he was what he, the Comte, most detested on earth, a Liberal,—a character he looked on with much the same horror with which sober-minded people regard a Radical. Desbrow had never assented to his opinions, though he forebore to oppose them; and the Comte, who thought that all who were not with, were against him, looked on him as an enemy. Now, that Cécile was rich, and that her fortune would enable them to resume a little of the former splendour of the family, it became the first wish of his heart to prevent the marriage; and, judging of his daughter's feelings by his own, he concluded that her attachment to Desbrow was not of so exclusive a nature as to preclude her happiness, were the marriage to be broken off. People with unfeeling hearts,

and frivolous minds, frequently contemplate, or commit actions, from which the greatest unhappiness may result, not from any malice in their natures, but because they are too apt to judge of the feelings of others by their own. The Comte de Bethune would have shrunk from the idea of wounding the peace of his daughter, could he have formed a notion of the depth or sincerity of her attachment to Desbrow; but being incapable of any deep sentiment of affection himself, he had no clue by which he could discover her's; and possessing himself an obstinate disposition, he was more disposed to attribute her attachment to her affianced husband to obstinacy, of which he knew much, than to love, of which he knew—nothing. He, therefore, looked at his dislike to the projected marriage, and her adherence to it, as a cause of obstinacy *versus* obstinacy, in which he wished to gain the verdict. Various were the consultations be-

tween him and the Duchesse de Montcalm on the subject; the latter suggested the plan of presenting to Cécile some of the innumerable Ducs, Marquis's, Comtes, Viscounts, and Barons, who wanted, *not* a wife, but a marriage portion, and to whom that of Cécile would be an irresistible temptation.

"It is quite impossible," said la Duchesse, "that Cécile can be such a simpleton as to prefer this Englishman, whom you represent to me as being *gauche*, and *brusque*, to any of our young men of fashion; though, I confess, those whom I have hitherto thrown in her way, have not seemed to make a favourable impression on her. But the truth is, she is *un peu originale*, a fault common to all who have been brought up in barbarous England; and though every means ought to be tried to bring her to reason, I fear we shall never make any thing of her."

The Comte had a presentiment of the same

sort; for, though Cécile's conduct was as dutiful and respectful as possible, he saw that she had a natural firmness of character, or obstinacy, as he termed it, which led her to adhere to any resolution once formed; and he had also observed, that she pertinaciously put aside any insinuations thrown out against Desbrow, (for he had tried this plan,) and invariably referred to England as her future home.

The Comte de Bethune increased his establishment on his daughter's acquisition of fortune,—a young Parisian femme de chambre was provided for Cécile, and two laquais, and an aid in the cuisine, were added to the menage; while a pair of fresh, high stepping horses, and a new carriage, replaced the former equipage. All was bustle and gaiety in the hotel,—a gaiety that ill accorded with the grief Cécile felt for the death of Lord Ayrshire, which opened afresh the ill-healed wounds so recently occa-

sioned by the loss of his wife. The total want of sympathy between her father and self on this subject was destructive to that feeling of affection which she wished, and tried to encourage for him. Often did she accuse herself of an unnatural and reprehensible coldness towards her only parent, and resolve to force herself to feel towards him as she ought; but the effort was always chilled by some display of prejudices against her adopted country, or some fresh proof of selfishness, that banished every thing like affection, leaving only a sense of duty to supply its place.

Cécile could neither be persuaded nor forced to leave the seclusion of the hotel, during the first few weeks after the death of Lord Ayrshire. In vain, the Duchess de Montcalm assailed her by turns, with intreaties and sarcasms; in vain, her father attempted to interpose his authority; she was not to be moved. Pre-

cedents of *les usages de Paris* were quoted to her without number, all "*les convenances*" were dwelt on, and how long people were expected to feel, or be *supposed* to feel grief, was accurately computed. And it was pronounced that as at the end of six weeks, after the death of a parent, a son or daughter might go into the gayest society, without any imputation being cast upon their filial, or want of filial, affection; for a less degree of consanguinity, as many days' seclusion would be quite sufficient. Le Livre de Deuil, sent from the mercer's, had not specified the mourning for the precise case in question, but as bombasine could not be worn for so distant a relative, and this article serves as a point of etiquette in the toilette, that always regulates Parisian grief, it was absurd to shut oneself up, and all Paris would think it affectation and *mauvais goût*, and say it was *l'exaggeration Anglaise*, which was *si mauvais ton* All this

reasoning, if reasoning it might be called, failed to conquer Cécile's determination to seclude herself during the first weeks of her loss; and her deep and uncontrollable regret for her dear departed friend, Lord Ayrshire, was borne in solitude, and solaced by religion. This excellent man was as bitterly wept by her, in the daughter's mourning,—which, in spite of all the Duchess de Montcalm's and her father's angry representations, she had persevered in wearing for him,—as was ever parent by the fondest child. Indeed, all that Cécile had as yet experienced of her real parent, made her but the more deeply mourn for the *dead*, who had, from her infancy, so fondly and ably supplied the place of the living; and she turned with a feeling, as nearly allied to anger as her gentle nature and sense of duty would admit, from the heartless arguments and frivolous consolations that were held out to her.

It was after a vain effort to induce her to go to a *soirée*, at the Duchesse de Montcalm's, that her father, shrugging up his shoulders—his usual mode of displaying his displeasure—emphatically remarked that she was "*une veritable Anglaise*, and that the English had no philosophy."

"When I lost your mother," he continued, "do you suppose that I shut myself up to weep? What could I have gained by such a silly proceeding? Sore eyes, a bad head-ache, and a red nose, three things of which all people must have a horror. Would the entailment of three such inflictions on myself have brought back the Comtesse de Bethune, or availed her aught in the mansions of the blessed? Certainly not: so with the philosophy that distinguishes my countrymen, I triumphed over my grief, and bore it not only as a man, but as a—Frenchman. You look surprised," (which poor Cécile

certainly did,) "but this is only one of many proofs which I could give you, of my strength of character and philosophy. I remember, when writing to your friend Lady Ayrshire, all the particulars of Madame de Bethune's death, and having to repeat her dying words, bequeathing you to the charge of her cousin, my philosophy became for a moment in danger; I felt a painful sensation in my throat, and a moisture springing to my eyes, but I reflected on the inevitable consequences of an indulgence of this impulse; the sore eyes, head-ache, and, above all, the red nose, recurred to my memory, and I swallowed my chagrin and completed my letter, without having omitted a single particularity, or shed a single tear. On reading it over, it occurred to me that your friends, who were much too English to comprehend my strength of mind and philosophy, might form an injurious opinion of my

conjugal feelings, were I not to give some indication of grief more than mere words, so I dipped my fingers into a glass of water, and sprinkled it over the parts of the letter the most touching, which gave it the appearance of having been bedewed by my tears. By these means," added the Count, at once proudly and self-complacently, "I satisfied your friends of my grief, and saved myself from the infirmities of which I have such a dread."

Cécile sat listening to this disclosure with equal astonishment and disgust, but the satisfaction of the narrator was so great that he attributed her silence to respectful admiration; and left her, as he thought, impressed with a high opinion of his philosophy, for which high sounding title she felt disposed to substitute frivolity. The two are often mistaken for each other in France, and if the effects are the same, (inducing *insouciance,)*

we must let them choose the term, the most agreeable to that ruling passion in French natures, *l'amour-propre.*

The Comte de Bethune, finding that he could not persuade his daughter to go into society during the first week of her recent loss, betook himself to his former routine of life, which had been interrupted by his acting as *chaperon* to her. He now found himself received on very different terms in the circles in which he presented himself. The father of a rich young heiress was sure to be fêtéd on all sides, because every family had a son, brother, nephew, or cousin, to whom the fortune of Mademoiselle de Bethune would be a very desirable acquisition. In proportion to the respectful consideration with which he found himself treated, became his desire to insure a continuance of it; and each day rendered him more anxious to break off the marriage of his daughter, on which he knew it depended.

The young men at Paris, who had hitherto treated him with that nonchalance which marks their manner towards those from whom they have nothing to expect, now flocked round him with polite assiduities and respectful deference, while he looked on them with proud complacency, neither too much encouraging nor repelling their attentions.

While the Comte de Bethune was enjoying his lately acquired consideration abroad, his amiable and lovely daughter was passing her hours in solitude at home. By pecuniary liberality to Madame de la Rue, judiciously and delicately administered, she had secured herself from the irksome society of that lady, who was well satisfied to remain in her chamber with her dear Cocco and Bijou, and the last *Livre de Modes*, during the hours she was supposed to be with Mademoiselle de Bethune. At first, she could not comprehend the

love of solitude of Cécile, a passion which is of such rare occurrence in France, that it draws on the person who indulges it, as many suspicions as the evil propensities of the suspectors suggest.

But a few weeks daily intercourse with Cécile had taught even the frivolous and gossipping Madame de la Rue, that the amiable girl had nothing to conceal; and, propitiated by her generosity, she thought it hard, as she observed, that if Mademoiselle wished to read, draw, practise her music, or work, *alone*, instead of in her company, she might not be permitted to do so: *chacun a son goût*, Mademoiselle liked solitude, which *she* thought the most *triste* thing on earth, except the presence of that *mechante* Madame le Moine, and never wished to be separated from her *cher* Cocco and Bijou, who were all the world to her. To be sure, Mademoiselle, it must

be owned, was *un peu originale, mais*, she was very amiable and generous—generous as a queen,—and therefore *she* should not interrupt her comfort.

The fortune left by Lord Ayrshire to Cécile, was magnified, by rumour, into thrice its actual amount; and as La Duchesse de Montcalm and the Comte de Bethune acquired additional importance from the belief of the immense wealth of the *protégée* of the one, and the daughter of the other, they were unwilling to destroy the illusion of the Parisians. No sooner had Cécile once more resumed her visits to the Hotel de Montcalm, than the *soirées* of the Duchesse became the resort of all the young men of fashion at Paris, and Cécile the avowed object of their admiration and attention.

Those who, previously to her acquisition of fortune, had scarcely deigned to notice her, or had noticed her, but to comment on her *mise a*

l'Anglaise, and want of *tournure*, now discovered in her a thousand charms. How many fresh extravagances were entered into by her suitors, on the faith of her thousands, and tens of thousands? each declared himself an Anglomane, on discovering her attachment to her adopted country; and English horses and grooms rose cent. per cent., such was the demand for them, in order to "'witch Cécile's heart by noble horsemanship." That courage, peculiar to Frenchmen, was never more exemplified than in the present case, for many a youth risked his neck on unmanageable horses to win her favour. Each aspirant made certain of success, and wagers were entered down in the clubs at Paris, to a large amount, which displayed as much confidence in the powers of captivation of the candidates for her fortune, as ignorance of the character and feelings of her by whose hand it was to be acquired. Fresh

credits were given by the horse-dealers, jewellers, tailors, and other trades-people, through whose artful aid, a dandy, an exquisite, or by whatever name these ephemera choose to designate themselves, is fitted to play his part. Good looks, and an air *distingué*, with an ancient name, could command credit *ad libitum*; while the reverses of these were sent away with cold refusals.

Little did Cécile imagine that she was the subject of conversation and speculation in horse-dealers' yards, and jewellers' and tailors' shops; and equally little did she imagine, that each of the crowd of butterflies who surrounded her, and on whom she deigned not even to bestow a passing thought, considered himself almost sure of winning her. She observed with surprise the alteration in their manners towards her, and her father; but she paid so little attention to them, that she soon ceased to remember it.

A pure-minded and well-principled young

woman, whose affections are engaged, is often unconscious of the admiration she excites, or if she discerns it, derives but little pleasure from her discovery. In the present instance, however, Cécile was not to be cheated into a belief, that the attentions she was paid were the results of her personal attractions; and therefore, she received them with a distant politeness, that would have chilled an Englishman, but which discouraged not the more confident and volatile Frenchman.

The letters from Desbrow, which were long and frequent, were the sole consolation of Cécile in the uncongenial circle into which she had been thrown; and finding in that circle no creature with whom she could sympathize, her whole soul opened to the lover, whose letters breathed, not only the most devoted attachment, but evinced a similarity of thought and feeling with her own, that still more strongly cemented the

ties of affection between them. Her brother she had not yet seen; he was in a distant province with his regiment, which was expected to arrive shortly in Paris, and she looked forward with anxious impatience to meeting him, who was now the sole member of her family from whom she expected sympathy, or freedom from national prejudice.

CHAPTER III.

"Aye, get thee home again! you islanders
Live under such good laws, so mild a sway,
That you are no more fit to dwell abroad
Than is a doting mother's favourite to endure
His first school hardships."

Lord and Lady Vavasour, finding that the health of Lady Emily made such slow progress towards amendment, and judging that her mind was preying on the beautiful but too frail temple that enshrined it, proposed to her to visit the south of France for change of air and scene, and to remain a few weeks at Paris to enjoy the society of her friend Mademoiselle

de Bethune. Nothing could be devised more agreeable to Lady Emily than this plan; and the pleasure with which she acceded to it, induced her parents to put it into execution soon after it was formed. Apartments were secured for them at the Hotel de Breteuil, Rue de Rivoli; and the morning after their arrival, a note from Lady Emily prepared Cécile for the happiness of seeing her.

The altered looks of her friend deeply shocked and grieved the sensitive heart of the affectionate Cécile; and to the earnest request that they might pass as much of their time together as possible, she yielded a ready assent, though she saw her father's brow clouded by dissatisfaction, and anticipated some objections, on his part, to the proposed daily intercourse.

Her anticipations were not falsified; for no sooner did he find himself alone with her, than he told her that he regretted that she had

pledged herself to such an unnecessary intimacy, and that he hoped she would break it off gradually. "You must remember, before every other consideration," said the Comte, "that you are French; and that being the daughter of an *émigré*, any extraordinary intimacy with the English, will excite disagreeable observations among our compatriots, and subject us to animadversions in a certain high quarter. The English come here, as if to remind us of their ostentatious services, in our days of adversity in their country. The restoration, unhappily, has not, in restoring our rank, given us back the fortunes to support it with suitable dignity; and as we cannot repay their hospitality in a similar style, I confess that all intercourse with them is humiliating and disagreeable to me."

This mode of feeling obligations was so new to the guileless Cécile, that she listened with an astonishment nearly equal to the disgust which

it excited in her mind. Now was explained to her that enigma which had frequently puzzled her since her arrival in France, of seeing the English of distinction so coldly received in the circles of the aristocracy of *l'ancien régime* at Paris. She felt however the necessity of being candid and explicit with her father on this subject; and declared to him, that she could not break off her intimacy with her friend, at the very moment that, owing to the delicacy of her health, she most required her kindness and attention, without incurring the odious suspicion of ingratitude, and forfeiting her own self-esteem.

There was something so decided, though respectful, in the tone and manner of Cécile, that her father felt it would be treading on dangerous ground to risk a command, where an intreaty had failed to produce the desired effect. But, when his daughter stated, that while re-

membering that she was of French origin, she must not forget, that to England, and English kindness, she owed education, years of affectionate kindness, and a large fortune, less valuable in itself than as a proof of the affection of the generous friend who bequeathed it; also, that being affianced to an Englishman, her life would be spent in his country, and therefore she must not be influenced by the prejudices of France,—the Comte could hardly restrain his anger, though he felt that any display of it would be as unavailing as injudicious. He left the salon lest he should betray his emotions, and sought in solitude, to recover his self-possession

At an early hour next day, the carriage conveyed Cécile, attended by Madame de la Rue, to the Hotel de Breteuil; and Lady Vavasour, having promised to conduct Mademoiselle to the Hotel de Bethune, *la dame de compagnie* returned alone, leaving Cécile to

enjoy a tête-à-tête with her young friend, to which both eagerly looked forward. How much had they to communicate! Cécile repressed the expression of the hopes that animated her, now that the period fixed for her marriage drew so near, because she would not pain the feelings of her gentle friend, whose hopes, when to all appearance equally near completion, had been so cruelly blighted. But Emily's nature was too generous, too disinterested, to be pained by the contrast of her friend's prospects with her own,—nay, she was cheered by them, and offered to stay in Paris to accompany her to the altar, saying she knew she should feel happier when the happiness of her friend was secured. Every thought, every feeling, of the two pure-minded and amiable girls, were laid open to each other; and a faint blush played on the cheek of Emily, and a brighter ray sparkled in her eye, when Cécile told her, that Lord

Heatherfield, nearly recovered from the effects of his duel, was in England, and *alone*. A whole volume was comprised in the last sentence; but when to it was added the information conveyed to Cécile by Desbrow, that Heatherfield still fondly loved, and had never ceased to love her, the amiable and sensitive girl wept tears, in which, for the first time for many months, more of pleasure than of pain was mingled.

"Do not think me weak, dearest Cécile," said Emily, "nor think I weep at the assurance that *he* still loves me; for, believe me, that, were he *not alone*, that assurance would give me pain, as he is too dear to me to permit my wishing him to feel a passion that must make him wretched. I weep, because his *solitary* residence in England proves to me, that, though weak and erring, he has not been the guilty creature the world would fain represent him to

be; for I know that if he had been the seducer of the unhappy Lady Walmer, he would have offered her the *only* reparation in his power, and would not now be *alone*, in England. It is dreadful, Cécile, to have to weep in secret over the guilt of those we have loved; and though I may never again see Lord Heatherfield, it is comparative happiness to what I have suffered, to learn that he is not steeped in guilt and shame, and to feel that I need not blush that I have loved him."

The health of Lady Emily began to improve from the date of this conversation: the society of her friend conveyed a balm to her heart, and Lord and Lady Vavasour marked the renovation in her looks and spirits with grateful delight.

Lord and Lady Scamper soon found their way to the Hotel de Breteuil,—the former, full of grievances and discontent, and the

latter, in raptures with Paris, and every thing Parisian.

"I'm sorry you're come to this cursed place," was Lord Scamper's first ejaculation, while heartily shaking the hand of Lord Vavasour; "make up your mind to be fleeced; they won't leave you a guinea, for it is cheat! cheat! from the marquis, with all his decorations, down to the shopkeeper, with his contortions and extortions. I've found them out, a little too late, – but better late than never, say I; for though they have done me out of many hundreds, they sha'n't have a single guinea from me again; I keep a sharp look out on them, *now*, I can tell you."

While he was making this boast of his dearly purchased sagacity to Lord Vavasour, accompanied by sundry knowing winks and shrugs, Lady Scamper was detailing the various *agrémens* of Paris to Lady Vavasour.

"It is, indeed, a delightful place—society established on such an agreeable footing."

Here, Lord Scamper overheard her; and, turning round, repeated the words, "Agreeable footing, indeed; I like that—devilish agreeable! They come and dine with you as often as you choose to ask them; but as to letting you have a dinner in return, they never dream of it. A soirée at which they all jabber their confounded lingo together, and give you weak black tea, and *l'eau sucré*, is all I have ever got out of them: and this is what Lady Scamper calls society on an 'agreeable footing!' Beware of their men milliners, Lady Vavasour. What do you think of three and four hundred francs for a *chapeau à plume*, as they call a bonnet with feathers. "I know some people that they have so well plumed,"—casting a sly look at his wife,—"that if a second year's pin-money had not been

advanced, I can pretty well guess what must have happened."

Lady Scamper gave a look of mingled shame and anger at her lord, who replied to it, "It's no use your giving me your angry looks; you know it's all true, and, what's more, you told me you never would buy any more of their jim cracks; and yet this morning, I caught the *laquais de place* smuggling up two or three band-boxes to your room.—Mind you don't go and play at the club, Lord Vavasour," continued Lord Scamper; "they'll do you, to a moral certainty, if you neglect my advice. You may play a rubber at the ambassador's,—that is to say, if you can *parley vous* it,—for all depends on that. Lady Scamper would insist on my learning French; and I have had a master every morning,—a sad dirty beast, who smelt of cigars,—but I could make nothing of him, for, as he

did not comprehend two words of English, nor I one of French, we were not likely to come to an understanding. I packed him off, and began teaching myself with a dictionary, of which I make a much better hand, and I can now ask for every thing I want, without an interpreter. To be sure, I get into some scrapes, and half the time they keep saying. '*Pardonne*,' '*Plait-il*,' but I must say they are much more civil than the English are; for make what mistake you will, they never laugh in your face. Lady Scamper would make me go the other night to the Duchesse de Montfort's, and, as I knew I should be asked to play at some of their round games, I got myself up with a few phrases, which I strung together out of the dictionary, and put in my waistcoat pocket. We played, and I won the pool: so I looked at my little vocabulary, and wishing to get the counters, I exclaimed, 'Le gibier est à moi, donnez moi le pois-

son !' They could not make out what I meant, turned up their eyes, shrugged their shoulders, and repeated '*Pardonne !*' and '*Plait-il !*' until I was getting into a passion; when Sir Thomas Wilman came up, and demanded what I meant? Mean, said I, why I mean, to be sure, that the game is mine; give me the fish, which I've told them ten times in good French, but they pretend not to understand me. Now, I ask you, Lord Vavasour, is not the French for game, *gibier*, and for fish, *poisson?* therefore I was right."

Lady Scamper looked horrified at her obtuse lord's mistakes, while Lord and Lady Vavasour could with difficulty restrain their risible faculties within due bounds; and Lady Emily and Cécile, who were in the recess of the window, could not resist laughing, a transgression of decorum which their position luckily prevented from being observed in the salon.

"There is no sport going on, in this country," resumed Lord Scamper; "unless one dignifies with that name, their races in the *Champ de Mars*, which are the most complete humbug I ever saw. Only fancy a race course, where the horses run on a hard gravel road, enough to shake them to pieces, while the spectators are on the grass. Then, they are started by a fellow in a gold-laced coat and hat, enough to frighten any horse, who cries out '*Partez!*' and away they go. Some of the most knowing of the French get English jockeys, and, would you believe it, that when the spectators and bettors saw them keeping in their horses, in order to make play at the last, the spooneys imagined that, because they were last in the beginning, they must lose in the end; and so, backed those that were first, and, of course, were done out of their money. Ever since then, they have fancied the horse or horses who are last,

must win, being totally unable to distinguish the difference between a fresh horse kept in, or a tired one who cannot advance; so they back the latter, regularly expecting up to the last minute that they will stride out, and pass those in advance. When they find they have lost, they are furious; such oaths, such exclamations follow, and all for a few hundred francs.

"They have no Newmarket, no provincial races; no hunting, except a sort of humbug ceremony, which they call by that name, got up for the royal family and their courtiers, which is as little like the real thing as can be well imagined. Cock-fighting they never heard of: only think of that! a pretty sort of a country, indeed, where cock-fighting is unknown: in short, they are a century behind us in civilization; and England—England is the only country where a man can spend his money or his time to his satisfaction. The only thing

in the shape of sport I have seen, was a quarrel between two old French women; they had a good deal of pluck, and I might have won something by them, if I had had any one to bet with, but the old ones, when I tapped them on the back to encourage them, turned their anger on me, and I was forced to retreat. As to their dinners, hang me, if I have had a passable one since I have been in the country—a morsel of plain, wholesome, nutritious food, it is impossible to get; their mutton is tough, spongy, and flabby; their beef gives me the notion of having been fed on glue; and their eternal *poulards*, and *dindes aux truffes*, as unmasticable to the teeth as they are indigestible to the stomach, I am sick of seeing. Then their vegetables, tasting of nutmeg and gravy, have lost all their original flavour; and their fish is so disguised by sauces, that it resembles neither fish nor flesh.

In short, my days pass without amusement, and when the dinner-hour comes, which in England is always the most agreeable of the twenty-four, I find a repast which may do for those who, like Lady Scamper, are partial to kickshaws, but which disgusts me. Their wines, too, are abominable to my taste: their claret is poor weak stuff, no more to be compared to the good strong wine they send us to England, than if it came not from the same grape. I am positively starved; and were it not for a dinner once now and then at our ambassador's, where I can get a bit of good English mutton, or venison, I could not stand it. And what an absurd custom they have, of the men leaving the dining-room with the women, and so losing the most agreeable part of the evening; for, certainly, when the ladies retire, and that we draw, socially together, round the table, we may be said really to enjoy ourselves. Hang me, if ever I

shall adopt this plan in my house, though Lady Scamper says it is the most rational; as if, when a set of men are talking together over their wine, without having to pay compliments and listen to the chit-chat of the women, there is not more chance of rational conversation. In the country, the day's hunting, or shooting, furnishes a never-failing topic of interest, and in London, politics do the same; but here, there is nothing to talk of, but the opera or the spectacle. No! I repeat, England is the only place for a sensible man to live in, and once I get back, hang me, if ever I cross the water again!"

A declaration which made poor Lady Scamper look quite panic-stricken; dreading, however, the continuance of the enumeration of his discontents, after repeated signs, she at length persuaded him to finish their visit.

CHAPTER IV.

"Le respect est une barrière qui protége autant un père et une mère qu'un enfant: elle évite à ceux-ci des chagrins, a celui-la des remords."

At this period, the brother of Cécile arrived at Paris, with his regiment, and she hailed his presence with delight. He had all the warmth of manner, and vivacity of his countrymen, with a good breeding and polish, not often to be found in the young men of modern France. His personal beauty was so striking that, united to such agreeable manners, Cécile ceased to wonder that her father was so fond

and proud of such a son. His arrival dispensed pleasure through all the household: the old porter sent forth the fumes from his cigar with increased velocity, brushed the court-yard with unusual exactitude, and assumed an air of fresh importance every time his young master passed through it. The coachman and his assistant put the stable and its inmates into better order. The *cuisinier* gave some of his most *recherchés plats*, and Madame le Moine donned her newest bonnet, with ribbons *a la jardinière*, to present herself before her *cher* Monsieur Auguste, every time he passed through the vestibule.

Auguste was, and most deservedly, a general favourite in the hotel; his gaiety, frankness, and generosity had won the hearts of all: he had a smile, a kind word, or a playful sally, for each of the members of the establishment, and his affectionate attention to his father and

sister was unceasing. He could not take up his residence in the Hotel de Bethune, as he was compelled to remain with his regiment at the other side of Paris; but every moment that he could snatch from his military duties was devoted to his family. His *petite sœur*, as he called Cécile, he soon learned to love with all the warmth of his nature: her gentleness, yet decision of character, charmed him, and her power of not only supporting solitude, but of enjoying it, and of submitting to the various *désagrémens* of her *entourage*, excited alike his wonder and esteem. He had not been two days in Paris, ere Cécile feeling all her sisterly affection drawn into animation towards him, had written to Desbrow a glowing description of his mental and personal qualities; adding her conviction that her brother could not fail to win his friendship. All her natural tenderness, which had been chilled by the

selfishness, coldness of heart, and national prejudices of her father, now expanded towards her brother. She wondered how she had hitherto known happiness apart from him, and felt as if she owed him a reparation for having so long lived forgetful of his claims on her affection, or only remembering them from a sense of duty. Ever since her acquisition of fortune, she had determined on securing the comfort of her father, by settling half the interest of it on him for his life, and fixing the other half on Auguste, the whole to descend to the latter, on the death of the Comte de Bethune. She knew Desbrow too well to doubt for a moment his ready and perfect acquiescence in this project. He chose me for myself, thought Cécile, when I was without fortune, and I have no feeling of pride to make me shrink from going to him as a portionless bride. She wrote her intentions to Desbrow, who was gratified by

this new proof of her confidence in his affection and generosity, and she became in consequence doubly dear to him. It was while Cécile was planning the future comfort and independence of her father, and that her lover was not only yielding a ready assent to her relinquishment of fortune, but commending her for it, that that father, incapable of appreciating her, or her lover, was encouraging round her a host of aspirants to her hand, and revolving every possible means of breaking off her marriage with Desbrow.

No sooner had her brother arrived, than the Comte de Bethune endeavoured to enlist him in his plans: he represented that the large fortune which his daughter had so unexpectedly inherited, entirely changed her position, and his intentions. While she was portionless, he said, he did not consider himself justified in refusing his consent to an alli-

ance, which the wealth and respectability of Mr. Desbrow rendered unexceptionable, more especially as Lord and Lady Ayrshire had highly approved the intended union, and that Cécile appeared to be attached to him.

"This last is the most essential reason of all for consenting to it," said Auguste, with a vivacity that mortified the Comte: "and does not my sister still feel this attachment?"

"The attachments of persons of her age," replied the father, "are rarely remarkable for their stability."

"You mistake my sister," said Auguste, "if you calculate on the instability of her's, and we have no right to do her this injustice, until we have something more conclusive than a hypothetical opinion, formed on the general inconsistency attributed to her sex. Mr. Desbrow was considered a suitable husband for her, when she was without fortune; and his choice of

her under such circumstances proves the disinterestedness of his affection,—a proof, my dear father, that no future suitor can give. Lord and Lady Ayrshire, who were parents to her—parents in the best sense of the term—wished this marriage to take place; and do you think that Lord Ayrshire would have bequeathed Cécile a fortune, if he had thought that it would have been the means of breaking off the union he desired?"

"You do not take into consideration," said the Comte de Bethune, "the mortification it must be to me, to see my daughter fixed for life in England, when her fortune might secure her one of the noblest marriages in France."

"Her *fortune* certainly might," replied Auguste, "but is Cécile a person to be happy in a marriage, which she must owe *wholly* to her fortune,—nay, my father, is she a person to be happy with a Frenchman?"

"What do I hear?" said the father, turning red with anger; "does a son of mine, think an Englishman more likely to ensure the happiness of my daughter than a Frenchman?"

"You forget," said Auguste, "that Cécile, though born in France, has been educated in England, has imbibed all the feelings and opinions peculiar to that country, and it is as impossible for her steady and solid character to descend to the *légèreté* of one of our young countrymen, as it would be for one of them to ascend to her's. Both would be miserable,—but no, *she* alone would be miserable, for few of *us* can be made unhappy, though we can render others so. I repeat, my dear father, that it appears to me that the honour of my sister, as far as regards generosity, would be impeachable, were she to refuse a man because she is rich, whom she consented to marry when all the advantages of wealth were on his side."

The old Comte looked angry and unconvinced at the reasoning of his son; but he was too well aware of the high feelings of that son, to betray to him how deeply he was influenced by selfish views, in his desire of breaking off the intended marriage, and Auguste was too noble-minded to harbour a suspicion of them.

The time now approached rapidly, when Desbrow might be expected at Paris to claim his bride, and her father saw it arrive with ill-disguised discontent. To attempt to force the affections, or at least the duty, of Cécile, aided as she now was by the presence of her brother, who seemed most unaccountably, as the father considered, disposed to encourage, rather than protract the marriage, would be useless; and, therefore, he determined to let things take their course.

"And so, *ma chere petite sœur*," said Auguste, "you only come to France to teach us

to love you, and make us feel the pain of losing you. You will marry, then, this Englishman, who will take you to his cold, ceremonious country, away from ——, la belle France, the gay Hotel de Bethune, Mesdames de la Rue and Le Moine, les chers Cocco and Bijou, and all the other *agrémens* of your *entourage*."

"I only grieve, my dear brother," replied Cécile, "that I shall leave you—and my father."

"Well remembered," said Auguste, tapping her cheek; "but I fear, that *notre pauvre père, pauvre, helas!* in more than one sense of the word, has made you suffer too much from his national prejudices to let you love him much. I see you are going to make a pretty and a dutiful speech, but *n'importe, entre nous deux*, we may, we ought to be candid. I, too, *ma chere petite sœur*, have often had to regret them, for I am more than half English in my

heart. You know that I am three years your senior, a *difference* that entitles me to your respect, so mind you treat me with proper deference;—but, to be serious, those three years of seniority gave me the happiness of knowing our dear sainted mother, my first words were lisped in her native tongue, and I have continued to cultivate it, not only out of affection to her memory, but because I wished to understand something of the country where *ma petite sœur* resided. I know as much, though I blush to say that much is but little, of the literature of England as of that of France, and all I have learned has taught me to love my mother's land. Judge, then, how frequently the prejudices *de notre pauvre père* must have annoyed me; but knowing that it would be useless to combat them, I have listened in silence. I tell you all this, dear Cécile, that you may understand how well I can sympathize in your *feelings;* and if your future

husband resembles the notion I have formed of Englishmen, I shall love him as a brother. But why doubt it? *You* love him, and that, to me, is a proof of his excellence, for my Cécile would not lightly give away her heart."

Cécile described Desbrow in terms that she meant to be measured, but the animation of her manner, and the sparkling of her beautiful eyes, belied the coldness of her words; and Auguste, as he kissed her forehead, told her she need not blush, for that he would inform no one that his *petite sœur* was in love, or, at least, he would keep her secret until—she was married.

The last letter received from Desbrow announced that he would be at Paris on the 28th of July, and it now only wanted two days to that period. Cécile's heart beat with joy at the prospect of so soon meeting once more with her affianced husband; but her joy was damped by observing the dissatisfaction marked on the brow

of her father, and his total avoidance of all recurrence to the subject of Desbrow's approaching arrival. She had never yet touched on her intention of relinquishing her fortune in favour of her father and brother, to any one save Desbrow. A feeling of delicacy made her shrink from the acknowledgments, or refusals, it might call forth; and she determined that the first announcement of it should be the deed of gift which Desbrow had undertaken to have drawn up for her, and which she wished him to present to her father. Cécile had marked with regret, that her father's dislike to Desbrow had rather increased than diminished, within the last few months; and she thought that such an act of generosity, as the relinquishment of her large fortune, might induce him to think more favourably of her future husband. She anticipated with delight her parent's surprise and satisfaction, and was indulging in bright day-

dreams of the future, when, on the morning of the 28th of July, Auguste came to tell them that he must bid them adieu for a short time, as he had received orders not to leave his regiment, which was to be kept in readiness for being called out at a moment's notice.

A presentiment of evil, against which she tried in vain to struggle, oppressed the spirits of Cécile. Her brother attempted to laugh her out of her dejection, but it was evident that his gaiety was forced; and to the assertions of the Comte de Bethune, that the ordinances published the day before, would be the saving of the throne and the altar, he replied, that he only hoped they might not be made the excuse for subverting both.

"The people must be kept down," said the Comte, angrily, "and to achieve this imperative object, the press, their intellectual steam-engine, must be restrained in due bounds. The king

has shown a proper firmness, and if his subjects know not how to bow to the chastisement which their licentiousness has brought upon them, they must be taught,—that's *all*."

"I hope this effort will terminate well," said Auguste, thoughtfully.

"It must," replied his father; "the king has too long acted the indulgent father to his people, and he must now show them, that he can assert his own dignity, when they forget it. France has always been endangered by the too great goodness, or as others call it, weakness, of her sovereigns, and it is reserved for Charles X. to make his subjects respect his firmness."

Auguste cast a glance at Cécile, which showed that he viewed not the present state of things with sentiments the same as those of his father; and then, embracing them both, left the hotel, to join his regiment in the Rue Vert. Cécile could not suppress the tears that rushed into

her eyes when she saw her brother gallop from the door; she watched his receding figure, until it faded from her sight in the distance, and unable to control her emotion, was seeking her chamber, when she encountered her father.

"You weep," said he; "this is childish; the daughters of the house of Bethune were not wont to weep, when dangers menaced the sons; they would have girded on their swords, and urged them to oppose the enemies of their king, instead of giving way to tears. '*Les convenances*' must not be violated, my daughter, so no more tears."

While he strode on with an air of lofty grandeur, Cécile hurried from his presence, wounded by his remarks, and disgusted with the mock heroic dignity of his reproof at such a moment.

CHAPTER V.

"Qu'est ce qu'une révolution par le peuple? Les malheurs, du sang, de la honte. Qu'est-ce que la liberté par les révoltes? Un rêve, le desordre, des crimes."

Desbrow arrived at Paris, late on the evening of the 27th of July. He had intended to have taken up his abode in one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, but found it impossible to reach it, from the tumult in the streets, and the vast populace which impeded his progress. He ordered his postilions to drive to the Rue de Richelieu, and it was not without considerable difficulty

that he reached the Hotel du Nord in that street. All was confusion. Masses of the populace were continually forming, who resisted the endeavours of the gens-d'armes to disperse them. A charge of cavalry scattered them for some time, but they quickly formed again; and, soon after Desbrow had entered the hotel, regular charges took place, and the gens-d'armes commenced firing on the mob. The shop of Le Page, the armourer, was broken open, and all his arms seized. The cavalry charged again, and a portion of the populace, among whom were some women, rushed into the court of the hotel, to seek protection. They were pursued by the soldiers, who, infuriated at the massacre committed amongst them a few minutes before, in the Palais Royal, commenced reprisals, not observing, owing to the darkness, that they were attacking unarmed men and women who were mingled with the insurgents.

Desbrow's two servants were unpacking the carriage, and he was standing by it, waiting to receive a case of jewels intended as a bridal present for Cécile, when a party of soldiers rushed into the court, and commenced firing on the people. His servants presented him a pistol, which they had snatched from the pocket of the carriage; and, almost at the moment he grasped it, a woman fell by his side, mortally wounded by a shot from one of the soldiers, who continued to advance towards the spot where Desbrow stood, brandishing his sword, and cutting right and left. Desbrow warned him not to approach, and raised the pistol to show him that he was armed, when a part of the people who had crowded behind him, with the intention of entering the hotel, having been repulsed by the owners, who had closed the door, were now driven forcibly against him. In the scuffle his pistol went off, and

an officer, who had that moment entered the court to call off his men, received its contents, and fell from his horse.

Desbrow felt horror stricken, and the cheering of the mob around him, who cried out, "Vivent les Anglais, bravo, bravo!" almost maddened him. The proprietor of the hotel opened a small side door, and pulled Desbrow into the garden, and thence by a back passage into the house, dreading that the angry soldiers would cut him to pieces. His mind was in a state of the most violent agitation: he thought not of his own safety—he thought only that he had deprived another of life, and that other, evidently a person who came to restore order, and draw off his soldiers. He intreated the proprietor of the hotel to go, or send, to ascertain if there was any hope of saving the wounded officer, though his fears told him that the wound was mortal; and the man, seeing his perturbation

and anxiety, dispatched two of his waiters to make inquiries. They soon returned, stating that the officer had been taken into a private house on the Boulevards, where he had expired, and that this information they received from the servant who had assisted to convey him to it. Desbrow groaned aloud, and one of the waiters, with the intention of consoling him, remarked that he had done a good action, for he had killed the only son of one of the greatest enemies of the people, the proudest aristocrat in France, the Comte de Bethune.

All attempts to describe Desbrow's feelings at this intelligence, would be useless. His brain burned, his heart throbbed as if it would have burst its prison, and alternate cold and hot fits shook his frame.

His first impulse was to fly to Cécile—to protect—to console her, under this terrible affliction; but a moment's reflection told him

that the murderer of the brother must never again approach the sister. O God! O God! thought Desbrow, was it reserved for my hand to destroy the happiness of her, I would sacrifice my life to preserve from a pang?—And now rushed to his memory all the fond things Cécile had filled her last two letters with, relative to this lately found, and dearly beloved brother. And *he—he*—had murdered him! There was agony, there was madness in the thought!

A violent brain fever seized Desbrow in the course of the night, and for ten days, his life was despaired of; his faithful servant never left his bed-side, during which period, the sick man raved incessantly of Cécile and her brother, and implored to be taken to them.

A naturally strong constitution enabled him to conquer this malady, though it left him reduced to almost infantine weakness; but with

returning health came memory, which brought before him all the misery of his position. A letter was given to him, with a black edge and seal; and it almost fell from his trembling hand, when he saw the signature of the Comte de Bethune. Its contents were nearly as follows:

"SIR,

"After the dreadful calamity you have brought on my house, you cannot be surprised at my prohibiting you from ever again addressing my daughter. Your own feelings would, I trust, render this prohibition unnecessary, but I owe it to her peace of mind to make it. I will not reproach you; your own heart must avenge the wounds you have inflicted on ours.

"GUSTAVE, COMTE DE BETHUNE."

"How strange," thought Desbrow, "that he should think it possible that I could again seek

Cécile! He must believe me totally bereft of feeling, nay, of common delicacy. Strange, too, that he could write to me; but he is unlike other men."

To think of Cécile was torture, but not to think of her was impossible. Every recollection of her was fraught with wretchedness, because it was associated with her murdered brother, and the sorrow *he* had heaped on her head. He pictured her to himself, pale and worn with grief, the shadow of her former self, weeping with bitter burning tears the loss of a brother so beloved, and shrinking beneath the accumulated misery, that she owed that cruel blow to *him*, whom she had so loved and trusted. Sometimes he thought of writing to her, of telling her how deeply, how truly he sympathized in her grief; but could she again look at the characters traced by a hand stained with the blood of

her brother! No! he must not—dare not—intrude on the sacred privacy of her feelings! he never now could be aught to her, save a person whose name she must shudder at hearing; and the blissful dreams of happiness he had indulged for so many months—indulged until they had become a part of his existence, must now be abandoned for ever. Every hour that he remained in Paris seemed to increase, instead of diminishing, the chagrin that weighed on his spirits and preyed on his heart; and the medical men who attended him, observing the slow progress he made towards returning health, strenuously advised his going to Italy, as soon as he could bear the journey. To return to England, and face the friends he had prepared to welcome his bride, he had not nerves to support. How could he enter the home he had taken such pleasure to decorate for her, now that he must seek it *alone?*

Such reflections led him to adopt the advice of his physicians: it was better to go to Italy—any where, in short, where he was unknown—than to remain at Paris, or to return to England at present. Yet it was not without a bitter pang that he left Paris, for it contained Cécile; and all who have loved can enter into his feelings as it receded from his view. He would have given worlds to have ascertained the state of her health, and feelings, before he departed: but an invincible dread of discovering to his servants anything more of the causes of his misery than they already knew, precluded him from sending to inquire at the Hotel de Bethune: and his debility permitted him not to move, except with the aid of his valet's arm, and then only for a few steps.

Three weeks before, Desbrow had entered Paris, high in hope and health;—he now left it, the first, crushed for ever, and the latter,

broken down. His thoughts reverted to Heatherfield—*he* could feel for him—and for a moment he wished he was with him—But no! why should he draw on the sympathy of a friend, who could only share his sufferings, without the power of relieving them.

Such were the reflections of Desbrow, as he slowly journeyed towards Italy; and we shall leave him to pursue his melancholy route, while we return to her who occupied all his thoughts, and who was scarcely less unhappy than her lover.

CHAPTER VI.

"Un pays en révolution souffre tout. Son lot est de boire à tous les calices d'humiliation. Rien ne corrompt et n'avilit le caractère moral d'un royaume comme une série des renversemens politiques. Le peuple, au milieu des tempêtes intestines, perd honneur, vertus, traditions, et piété ; il croit à tous les monstres, et n'a plus foi en Dieu. Il adopte toutes les routes hors celle qui conduit au bien. Ayant un vaste ramas de lois, car chaque parti vainqueur a fait la sienne en passant, il ne distingue plus les vraies, des fausses ; il se prosterne déchu, devant des millions de volontés et de maximes, sans distinguer quelles sont les bonnes, et sans savoir où il en est. Son plus grand fléau, c'est lui-meme. La fortune publique, en proie aux dilapidateurs, est

en quelque façon, jouée aux dés par les ministres de la majesté parvenue; et toute pliée sous les opprobres, la nation s'affaisse et périt.

Never had a day appeared so long to Cécile, as the 28th of July, that day so long looked forward to, as the one fixed for the arrival of Desbrow. At an early hour, the people assembled in masses in the street, and their tumultuous cries, disturbed the monotonous tranquillity of the Faubourg St. Germain, and reached even the secluded Hotel de Bethune.

Cécile shuddered involuntarily as each fresh shout was borne on the wind, and re-echoed from the lofty apartments around her. Her father began to be less loud in his approval of the ordinances, now that they seemed to have excited the storm, which alarmed him; but he consoled himself with the idea, that the military force in Paris and its environs was amply sufficient to reduce the canaille to obedience; and

he "muttered curses, not loud though deep," on their heads, wishing, like Nero, that they had but one neck, that with one blow he might extirpate them.

Notwithstanding the boasted march of intellect, nay, probably from that cause, an antipathy seems to exist between the upper and lower classes in France, which, though it may slumber in peaceful times, bursts forth with fury when any popular tumult awakens it into action. The feudal tyranny and heartless profligacy of the greater part of the noblesse of *l'ancien régime*, and the atrocious cruelty with which it was punished, have engendered a sense of mutual injury in the hearts of both parties, of which perhaps neither are sensible, until some occasion of contest calls it forth. The *parvenue noblesse*, created by Napoleon, are, strange to say, not more favourably viewed by the people, from whose ranks they were elevated,

than are those of *l'ancien régime;* because they excite more jealousy, each member of their original class thinking himself as well worthy the distinction bestowed on his more fortunate equal. Hence, dislike is added to a want of that respect which nobility of ancient birth involuntarily excites in their minds, and which, the associations connected with certain names keep alive in their hearts. The three glorious, or inglorious, days of the revolution of 1830, (as many people are divided as to which term they are best entitled.) fully proved the truth of this antipathy between the upper and lower classes. The first groaned in bitterness at being humbled by the power of those they considered born but to obey them; and the second evinced all the insulting joy, natural to ignoble minds, at hurling grandeur and dignity from the lofty places they had occupied. They paused not to inquire whether they had worthily or unworthily filled these

high stations; they only hated them for having been elevated, and gloried in crushing them. This feeling was strikingly manifested in the tradespeople and servants,—two classes owing their welfare, if not existence, to the noblesse they were so anxious to humiliate, if not destroy. The march of civilization, which precluded the atrocities practised in the former revolution, prevented not, however, the insulting display of triumph with which the engines of the latter proclaimed their victory over fallen power. The tradespeople, who had fattened on the extortions practised on the noblesse, and the domestics, who had eaten of their bread, and worn the badges of their service, could not conceal their joy at their overthrow. Those who witnessed the conduct of these classes at Paris, during the three days of the revolution in 1830, must involuntarily have been reminded of the Saturnalia of ancient Rome, when the slaves were

allowed, not only liberty, but license. One difference however existed,—the Roman bondmen only doffed their chains for a given period, and then resumed them; but the French domestics believed—for what will not ignorance and credulity believe?—that they had permanently changed places with their masters, and, glorying in their victory, manifested their sense of it with all the licentiousness of uncultivated, unbridled, and truculent minds.

The Comte de Bethune was suffered to ring half-a-dozen times for his valet-de-chambre, who afterwards listened with an air of nonchalance, if not of insolence, to his remonstrance on the subject. The two *valets-de-pied* had disappeared without leave; the *aide de cuisine* had followed their example, and the coachman had volunteered his services to go in search of them, a search apparently fruitless, as he himself returned no more to the hotel during that

day. The cook declared himself *au désespoir*; it was impossible for him to serve a dinner pour Monsieur le Comte, without the assistance of his *aide de cuisine*—he had never in his life attempted such a feat; so he consoled himself with taking a double supply of snuff, and loudly lamenting the *bêtise*, the *sottise*, and the impertinence, of Jules, (his assistant,) for leaving the *cuisine* without his permission.

The Comte found his appetite rather increased than diminished by the agitation and vexation of the day; and the prospect of having no dinner seemed to awaken him to a full sense of the events passing around him. He entered the *salon* of Cécile with a more troubled aspect than she had ever seen him wear, which increased the fear of the already alarmed girl to such a degree, that she turned deadly pale, and could hardly articulate the demand, if any thing had happened to her brother.

"No, nothing has happened—nothing can happen to him," said the Comte, "for our brave troops will soon have taught obedience to the disaffected wretches that have caused this confusion."

"Oh, God be praised that my dear brother is safe!" said Cécile, sinking into the chair from which she had risen in such alarm on her father's entrance; when, a yell from the infuriated multitude, passing the hotel, renewed her fears. The Comte's countenance wore a more yellow hue, and neither spoke until the shouts died in the distance; then Cécile, whose thoughts dwelt with her brother, again ejaculated his name.

"It is dreadful! shocking!" said the Comte, "to think that we shall have no—" (tidings of him, Cécile thought he was going to add,) but the word "dinner" escaped his lips, and grated on her feelings most painfully. A sen-

timent of disgust made her turn involuntarily from him: but he persevered in his lamentations, and, deducing causes from their effects, attributed the flight of the *aide de cuisine*, the shutting up of the shops, and his consequent likelihood of going without a dinner, to the revolutionary principles of the *canaille*. Nor did he forget to state his belief, that to England, France owed this misfortune.

The Comte was in the habit of tracing every thing which he fancied an evil, in the minor concerns of life, to the influence of English example; and all the serious calamities he attributed to the same cause. He frequently expressed his conviction that the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth would never have been beheaded, but for the precedent afforded by the English in the decapitation of Charles the First; and, though Cécile ventured to tell him that the atrocious cruelties practised during the French

Revolution had no parallel in that of the English, he ceased not to mutter, " Yes, yes; we are too near England: in exchange for our *modes*, and cooks, they send us their newspapers, through which our populace imbibe such pernicious principles. They teach the vile doctrine that kings do not reign by a right divine, and that they depend on the people, instead of the people depending on them. Yes, yes; Comines the historian was right, when he said that ' Dieu n'a créé aucune chose en ce monde, ni hommes ni bêtes, à qui il n'ait fait quelque chose, son contraire, pour la tenir en crainte et en humilité. C'est pourquoi il a fait France et Angleterre voisines.' "

The proverb says, " beware of him who has read but one book." If the Comte de Bethune's erudition was not confined to this limit, it was wholly directed to one focus. He read with avidity every French publication reflecting on

England and the English, implicitly believing all that could be advanced derogatory to the nation *en masse*, or its inhabitants individually; and if by any chance, he met with a doubtful passage in some unprejudiced author, he was sure to turn it to the disadvantage of England. And yet this man had married a most amiable English woman, and owed innumerable obligations to her relations, whose conduct towards him and his daughter ought to have conquered all his antipathies to their country.

The porter had secured the *porte cocher*, and opened not the wicket, without being previously assured that the person requiring admission belonged to the house. But though attached to the family, he could not resist sympathizing with the cries of joy which burst from the crowds that rushed through the street; and even Madame le Moine, who had grown, and was now sinking in years, beneath the aristo-

cratic roof which sheltered her, could not repress some symptoms of complacency, as she observed the rapid progress of the power of the people, though she took abundant care not to exhibit them in the presence of the Comte.

Poor Madame de la Rue, belonging neither to the aristocracy nor the people, was the only person in the hotel who truly sympathized in the feelings of the Comte; but having always depended on the first, she affected to consider herself as a link in their chain; an affectation which had drawn on her the dislike of the domestics in the establishment of the Duchesse de Montcalm, and excited similar feelings in those of the Hotel de Bethune.

The servants of the Comte, like those of the generality of the noblesse at Paris, would have used all possible means to save their masters from personal danger; but were not sorry the masters should see the power of the people,

and be forced to admit that they owed their safety to them.

Cécile had sought the solitude of her chamber, and on her knees implored the protection of Heaven for her brother: of herself she thought not, every fear was for him, and a thousand presentiments of his danger suggested themselves to her terrified mind. Desbrow, too, often occupied her thoughts during this day of agitation, but for him she had less fear; he was an Englishman, and could not be brought into hostile contact with the people, while Auguste would be sent to act against them, and her heart sunk within her, as imagination pictured his danger. With her hands pressed to her side, as if to still the beating of her trembling heart, and a face pale as marble, Cécile was found by her father when he came to summon her to dinner.

"I have been forced to go into the *cuisine*

myself," said he, "to see what could be done, for that imbecile Latour could do nothing without his *aide de cuisine;* and with the assistance of Madame le Moine, we have managed to get a tolerable *soupe*, an *emincé de veau*, cutlets *à la minute*, and an *omelette soufflé—c'est mieux que rien*, for the annoyance of this distressing business has quite deranged my stomach, and made me feel the necessity of eating."

Cécile accompanied him to the *salle à manger*, and saw him do ample justice to the repast, during which, he complimented his own sagacity that had led him to the *cuisine*, and to which he owed his dinner. She tried to swallow a few morsels, but could not; and, in answer to her father's angry remonstrances, urging that the more one had to bear, the more one ought to eat, in order to gain strength to support our misfortunes, she could only murmur the name of her brother, and

repeat the impossibility of her possessing any appetite while he was exposed to danger.

" It is very inconsiderate, to use no harsher term, Mademoiselle de Bethune, to mention his peril at such a moment. After the full repast, to which my mental agitation has forced me, you expose *me* to the certain danger of an indigestion,while *he* is only exposed to the uncertain risk of violence from the *canaille*, who will soon fly before the regular troops. You have awakened apprehensions which, though my reason tells me they are unfounded, cannot fail to interfere with the digestive organ, and I shall have an attack of bile to-morrow. Go," turning to the maitre d'hôtel, " and get me a cup of strong *café*, and bring the *chasse café* immediately after. I hope I may escape, though I feel a very uncomfortable sensation here;" (laying his hand on the epigastric region;) " and another time, Mademoiselle de Bethune,

I request you will be more cautious. You will do well to imitate my philosophy; you see it always leaves me master of myself in the most trying exigencies. What, but this, gave me sufficient presence of mind to go into the *cuisine* to-day, when that imbecile Latour had completely lost his reasoning powers, and you see the result has been a very tolerable dinner. Even at the moment I am speaking to you, my philosophy enables me calmly to point out to you the dangers to which your inconsiderateness had exposed me, that you may learn to control similar ebullitions of it in future."

The Comte having dispatched his *café* and *liqueur*, replaced his coat by a *robe de chambre*, and seated himself in an easy chair, that by a siesta he might assist the process of digestion; and Cécile was left alone to her own reflections.

Madame le Moine, having discovered from

the maître d'hôtel, that their young lady had not eaten any thing at dinner, brought in a *lait de poule*, of which she so pressed her to partake, that Cécile yielded, and then declared her anxiety to obtain some intelligence of her brother.

"Would it not be possible to send one of the servants to try to learn something of him?" asked she.

"There is only the porter, the maître d'hôtel, and the cook in the house, mademoiselle," replied Madame le Moine; "the first cannot leave his post—the second would mortally offend Monsieur le Comte, if he were absent from the anti-chamber when Monsieur le Comte awakes from his siesta."

"But *le cuisinier*," interrupted Cécile, "he surely might go—he could not be missed by my father now that dinner is over."

"Ah! mademoiselle does not know Latour,"

said Madame le Moine, "he is the greatest poltroon in the world, and would not venture outside the *porte cocher*, for all the gold in Paris."

"What is to be done? Oh! my brother, my dear brother!" exclaimed Cécile; "how long must I remain in this terrible state of suspense about your safety."

At this moment, a discharge of musquetry from a distance, followed by shouts and yells, interrupted her words, and increased her terrors; and the barking of Madame de la Rue's dog, and loud imitation of it by her parrot, broke on the silence of the hotel. The ire of Madame le Moine became excited, and she ran to the chamber of the poor dame de compagnie, loudly expressing her surprise and indignation that the infernal dog, and accursed parrot, as she called them, should be allowed to torment her young lady, when her nerves were in such

a state of excitement. The loud and angry tones of le Moine only served to increase afresh the barking of the dog, and the still more discordant cries of the parrot; and their discomfited mistress, alarmed by the violence of the femme-de-chambre, which now that Paris was in a state of revolt, appeared more to be dreaded, tried in vain to silence them.

"You see," said she, almost meekly, to Madame le Moine, "it is not my fault; I cannot keep them quiet: it is the firing that excites them."

At this luckless moment, the parrot uttered one of the offensive names it had been taught to address to Madame le Moine, who, losing all patience, pounced on poor Cocco, and, ere its mistress could protect it from her fury, silenced it for ever, by wringing its neck; during which operation, Bijou assailed the petticoats

of le Moine with his teeth, as if to rescue his companion from her gripe.

"Barbarous woman, you have killed my poor bird!" cried the weeping Madame de la Rue, while torrents of tears streamed over her rouged cheeks, leaving deep furrows to mark their course. Madame le Moine, feeling she had gone too far, yet too proud to attempt any excuse, threw down the dead bird, which was hastily seized by its sobbing mistress, and kissed and bedewed with her tears, while the assassin returned to her young lady, ashamed of the excess into which her anger had hurried her.

"Well, mademoiselle," said she, trying to smooth her ruffled brow, "I see no mode of learning intelligence of Monsieur Auguste, except by my going towards the Rue Verte, to the barracks in which his regiment is lodged."

"Oh, my good Madame le Moine, how shall

I thank you!" replied Cécile; "yet ought I to expose you to such danger!"

"Think not of it, mademoiselle; no one will mind an old woman like me, and I shall be cheered by the hope of bringing you intelligence of the safety of Monsieur Auguste."

So saying, she left her young mistress, and hastened to attire herself for her hazardous expedition, not forgetting, before she went, to arrange a mess for Bijou, and to send a *cafetière* of excellent *café au lait* to Madame de la Rue, as a peace-offering.

It was not without great difficulty and still greater danger that the intrepid old woman arrived at the Rue Verte. She had to climb over various barricades, to cling to the closed *portes cocher* of many hotels, in order to escape the rushing parties of the populace, charged by, and charging, in their turn, the military, who were trying to disperse them. But even her

terror prevented her not from examining every party of soldiers she saw, in the hope of discovering Monsieur Auguste; no trace, however, of him could she find. At length, having reached the Rue Verte, she discovered that the people had attacked the barracks in that street, and even at that moment, an active fire against them was kept up by the assailants.

In trying to clamber over the barricades once more, the poor old woman, sinking with heat and excessive fatigue, made a false step, and fell over the heterogeneous mass that composed the pile raised to arrest the progress of the cavalry; and her temples, coming in violent contact with a sharp-pointed stone, she became stunned by the fall. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in a wine shop, close to the barricade, into which the humanity of some of the people had induced them to place her, not without sundry curses on the folly that

had induced her to venture out at such a time. The woman of the shop washed the blood from her face, applied a bandage to her wounded forehead, and, having insisted on her taking a glass of wine, advised her to remain where she was, for the present. But the pale face and trembling anxiety of her young lady rose up to the imagination of Madame le Moine; and, though weak and exhausted, she again pursued her way through the street, one moment silent and deserted, the very dogs seeming frightened from their usual haunts, and the next, filled by masses of the populace, who rushed past her, sweeping away all that obstructed their course. At the Rue Royale, she saw a party of dragoons, and recognised the uniform to be that of the regiment to which the young Comte de Bethune belonged. She advanced to them, fearless of the danger with which their horses' feet threatened her.

"Stop, stop, I pray you!" exclaimed she, in almost breathless agitation; "tell me—tell me where is Monsieur Auguste, your officer?"

The soldiers passed on, scarcely turning their heads to regard her, while a few straggling people around, passed some rude jokes on her bandaged forehead, through which the blood obtruded. At this moment, when her trembling limbs refused any longer to support her, and that she looked in vain for some shop, or *porte cocher*, where she might enter, a man seized her arm, and, inspecting closely her face, exclaimed, "It is—it must be my aunt! In God's name, what do you here at such a moment?—why have you come abroad? You must be mad to venture out, and you have paid dearly for it too; for I see you are wounded. Well, well, the women now-a-days are more venturous than the men;—but how were you wounded?"

The poor old woman recounted her adven-

tures in much fewer words than she was wont to use, a circumstance which drew two reflections from her *brusque* nephew,—the first was, that she was an old imbécile to have ventured on such an expedition, and the second, that the hurt must be a serious one, which could produce such a miraculous abridgment of her words.

"This is a droll world," continued Jacques: "here have you, my old aunt, been exposing your life for the aristocrats, and more fool you, while I have been exposing mine against them. But the victory will be on my side, and a few hours will now decide the question."

"And so I must return without any intelligence of my dear young master," exclaimed the weeping Madame le Moine.

"Master!" exclaimed the nephew, angrily: "you forget that *we*, the people, of whom you are one, have no longer any masters; it is now our turn to rule, for we are the conquerors."

Jacques supported his nearly exhausted aunt to the Hotel de Bethune, meeting on their way several straggling parties of the people, shouting and singing parts of revolutionary songs, in which he joined; and having seen her within the *porte cocher*, he cautioned her not again to venture out until all was quietly settled, and promised to bring her intelligence of Monsieur Auguste the next day.

"As for your old aristocrat of a master, as you are pleased to call him," added Jacques, "Monsieur Tout fier, I advise him not to show himself amongst us, for we want to see all the old *émigrés* out of the country, and the sooner they are gone the better."

Having expressed this flattering opinion, he left his aunt to the care of the porter, who seated her in his lodge, that she might recover herself a little, before she presented herself to her young lady.

The Comte de Bethune was awakened from his siesta by the discharge of musketry, that seemed to approach closer to the quarter in which the hotel was situated, than any that he had hitherto heard. He rang for his valet-de-chambre, and inquired how the riot, as he affected to call it, was going on.

"*Ma foi*, Monsieur le Comte, the *riot* is turning out to be a *révolution*," said Le Tellier; "the people are carrying every thing before them, and it is all over with the present dynasty."

"I will not, I cannot believe it," said the Comte, angrily; "with thirty thousand soldiers in the environs, it is impossible that the canaille can have gained any serious advantage." Had the Comte examined the countenance of his valet, he would have seen the half-suppressed smile, that played over it—a smile that at this moment betrayed how entirely his

sympathies were with those whom the Comte designated by the term canaille, and of whose triumph, Le Tellier allowed himself not to doubt.

In the following instant, a cry in the court-yard attracted the attention of the Comte, and he hurried to the open window of the ante-room, whence he beheld the *aide de cuisine*, evidently intoxicated, advancing towards the house, and brandishing a sword, while he screamed out, "*La liberté ! la liberté !*"

"Send that beast away instantly," said the Comte; an order more easily given than carried into effect, for Guillaume had become pot-valiant, and having never used a sword until that day, would neither consent to relinquish it, nor to leave the hotel, though assailed by the united intreaties of the porter, valet-de-chambre, and cuisinier. More than entreaties they dared not try, for he brandished the sword in a way

to alarm the three pacifically disposed old men, and boasted that he was "*un enfant de la révolution*," "*un brave*," who had that day fought for *la liberté*,—nay, he displayed some trophies, in the shape of a pistol and dagger, won in the battle, which rendered the old men fearful of offending him

"As for you, old fool," said Guillaume, turning to the cuisinier, "you are no longer *mon chef*. No, no, we are now all equals,—yet no, not even so, the strongest must be the masters, and, as I am stronger than you, I order you to prepare me a supper, *bien soigné*; mind you are not too long about it, or I shall quicken your movements with a touch of this," pointing the sword at the frightened cook, who disappeared, terrified at the threats of the swaggerer, who had hitherto been one of his most submissive drudges, and who now uttered cries of "Liberty, liberty," that echoed through the court-yard

Few words have ever been so profaned as the word liberty,—a word so often misunderstood, that those who most worship the pure sentiment, shrink with abhorrence from the grim and distorted representations of it that ignorance and prejudice love to give. The French invariably mistake licence and equality for liberty; and the feeling of the bête Guillaume on the subject, may stand for a faithful type of that of the whole of the lower classes of his countrymen.

CHAPTER VI.

"On reconnait l'amour véritable aux changemens qu'il produit dans nôtre caractère, et aux sacrifices qu'il nous rend légers."

We left Lord Heatherfield journeying towards his home, but with what different feelings did he now enter his paternal mansion! He no longer shrank from the glances of the old and respectable domestics, who had been in his family since his birth; and they knowing where, and how, the last few months had been passed,

received him with joyful demonstrations of welcome. He could now look on the portraits of his excellent father and mother without experiencing any of the pangs of self-reproach; and he fancied they regarded him with the benignant smiles of approval which the dear originals had been wont to accord him in past days. Cold must be the heart of the person who can look on the portraits of those he has loved—of those who loved him, and who are in the grave—and not refer to what *they* would have thought of the line of conduct he is pursuing! —nay, who do not refer to the thought with more tenderness than when they were in life! The portraits are all that remain to us,—"shadows of shades" that have vanished,—but they possess a power to bring back the past, and to warn us of the future. In the rooms where they hang, we have heard the voices of the dear originals addressing us with words

of love; we have seen their eyes sparkle at our approach, and their lips welcome us with smiles. They are not all gone, while their resemblances remain to conjure up dreams of past happiness, and to renew in our breasts the feelings which in life they were wont to excite in us. When I see a son, furnishing and decorating the mansion which he has newly inherited, and destroying every vestige of its late occupiers, I cannot give him credit for much affection towards those he has lost. I would fain have one room at least, preserved sacred, where their images might seem to look down on the furniture they had used, and the apartment retain the same appearance as when they had lived in it. What salutary reflections might it not awaken in the children, who are now filling their places, to pass away like them, and, like them, to be replaced! But the luxurious inheritors of the present day, and the fashion-

able decorators and upholsterers, or rather, devastators, who suggest to them the thousand improvements, of which the basis is destruction, will rarely admit of even one room being left sacred to the Penates; and the household gods, together with the household goods and family portraits,—unless the latter are saved by being the work of some artist of celebrity,—are banished to the lumber, or the auction-room, to make way for modern adornments and modern disfigurements.

Lord Heatherfield arrived at Heatherfield Park on Saturday evening, and the next day, attended service in the parish church. The fame of his good deeds in Wales had arrived before him, and there was not a single individual among the whole congregation who felt not a pleasurable sensation on his entrance, and who was not disposed to disbelieve all that they had ever heard to his disadvantage.

Never did he offer up his prayers with so much fervour as now, when once more in that church, where so often they had mingled with those of the beloved parents, who were sleeping the sleep of the just in the tomb on which his eye rested. Who can gaze on the grave that contains the mortal remains of all that was dear to him, without lifting up the soul to that heaven where he hopes one day to be united to them? Without this hope, who could contemplate the grave without terror? A few months ago, and Heatherfield looked forward to eternal exile from the spot on which he now found himself, — for never would he have brought a guilty mistress, or a dishonoured wife, to his home, or the house of God, where his excellent parents had offered so pure an example. But now—and deeply, truly, did he thank the "Giver of all good"—he was saved from sin and exile, and could look in the faces

of those who had loved and respected his parents without fearing to meet reproval in their glances.

The good Dean Vandeleur, and his worthy wife, were the first to welcome Lord Heatherfield to his home: they had been judicious dispensers of his bounty during his absence, and the poor had been taught by them to bless the liberality of their benefactor. The friends and neighbours, who had so long been attached to his father, now flocked to Heatherfield Castle; and its owner found himself treated with the consideration and cordiality he feared he had forfeited by his unhappy entanglement with Lady Walmer, and the evils it had entailed.

He applied himself to nearly the same routine of life that he had followed in Wales, interrupted only by the visit to, and from, his neighbours; many of whom, blessed with daughters, showed no want of encouragement towards him

whom a few months before, they branded as an immoral libertine, unfit to be received in their families. They had sentenced him without proof of his guilt, and now, absolved him without proof of his innocence. But he was still unmarried, had a large fortune, and an ancient title; and the world in general, and the fathers and mothers of marriageable daughters in particular, are peculiarly charitable towards such sinners, reserving all their severity for the female partners of their real or imputed crimes. Many an amiable young lady undertook the task of dispelling the gravity, if not melancholy, that pervaded the manners of Lord Heatherfield: and many more betrayed a sentimental sympathy with his feelings, that would no doubt have been highly flattering to him, had he observed what was passing around him; but his thoughts were so wholly occupied with the image of Lady Emily Vavasour, that he was

unconscious of the condescending kindness of his fair neighbours, and pursued the even tenor of his way, undisturbed by their attractions and attentions.

The papers announced the departure of Lord Vavasour, and his family, for the Continent; and, though Heatherfield felt a pang of regret as he read it, at thinking that Emily was no longer in the same country with him, he found consolation—nay, more than consolation—hope, in the reflection that Cécile, when she should have become the wife of his friend, would not fail to impart to Lady Emily, all that Desbrow would wish her to know relative to him. He now became impatient to hear of the marriage, and anxiously expected the letter from his friend that was to announce it, when he was shocked and alarmed by the accounts that reached England of the revolution at Paris. What a scene for Emily, and in her state of

delicate health! He determined to set off to Paris directly, for he could not support the anxiety he felt; and he was on the road to Dover in less than two hours after he had heard the announcement that had so painfully agitated him.

He travelled day and night without stopping, except to change horses, until he arrived at Paris. He met crowds of his compatriots on the road, returning from it, all of whom looked at him with surprise for hurrying to a place, whence they felt so delighted to get away. He examined every carriage he saw, but that of Lord Vavasour no where met his view; and a thousand fears were in his mind relative to Emily. He expected to have some trouble in passing the barriers on his entrance to Paris, but he found none; nay, being recognised as an Englishman, he was hailed with acclamations, and "Vivent les braves Anglais" was shouted

aloud by many of the intoxicated groups who were passing to and fro, in the streets.

He stopped at the Hôtel de Londres, in the Place Vendôme; and immediately proceeded to the British embassy, where he learned that Lord Vavasour and his family were safe and well, at the Hôtel de Breteuil, Rue de Rivoli, and had suffered no annoyance, save alarm, during the three days of the revolution. His next inquiries were for Desbrow; but of him, to his great surprise, he could learn nothing. He had not presented himself at the embassy, and they therefore concluded that he could not have arrived in Paris. He obtained the address of the Comte de Bethune, intending to call on him the next day to inquire for Desbrow; and then, sought his hotel to take that refreshment, and rest, of which he felt he stood so much in need. His spirits were elated at finding himself once more so near his dear

Emily, and being assured of her safety; yet still a vague dread of some accident having occurred to Desbrow, interposed to throw a damp over his nearly recovered cheerfulness. It was strange, it was unaccountable. What could have prevented his arriving at Paris so long after the time fixed for his being there? for well knew Lord Heatherfield that the revolution, and the dangers attendant on it, would have rather hastened, than retarded, the coming of Desbrow, who would be doubly anxious to be near Cécile at such a crisis. Was it possible, that on the route to Paris, Desbrow could have fallen a victim to any of the numerous bands of infuriated revolutionists marching towards the capital? This idea more than once occurred to Lord Heatherfield, and filled him with alarm. But to-morrow, thought he, I shall certainly learn tidings of him at the Hôtel

de Bethune; and with this hope he sought his pillow to dream of his Emily, and days of happiness to come.

CHAPTER VII.

"Le fleuve révolutionnaire, où l'on disait vouloir retremper la nation, est une mer sanglante que l'usurpation se flatte en vain de traverser à pied sec: tout s'y engloutira à la fois, gouvernement, lois, et royaume."

The breaking out of the revolution in 1831, was so sudden that the greater number of English families of distinction who found themselves there, at that eventful moment, had not time to quit Paris before things had arrived at such a state that any attempt to do so would, in all probability, have exposed them to more personal danger than remaining on the spot. Lord Va-

vasour, therefore, decided on staying where he was, and during the three alarming days of violence, did not leave his wife and daughter for a moment. It was not until the fifth day that, having sent a servant to inquire after the health of Mademoiselle de Bethune, they learned that she was ill, and confined to her bed, and that her brother had been dangerously wounded on the night of the 28th. This was all they could learn, for "Mademoiselle was too ill to write, or even read a billet," as the old femme de charge stated to Lord Vavasour's servant. Emily would have immediately flown to her friend, but the barricades prevented the possibility of a carriage of any kind being used, and to venture through the streets on foot, was more than she had courage to encounter, had the delicacy of her health even allowed of her walking so far. While they were expressing their regret and anxiety, Lord Scamper was

announced; and, having heard the cause of their uneasiness, kindly volunteered to go in person to the Hotel de Bethune.

"Mr. Desbrow must be there, long before this," said Lady Vavasour, "for I know he was expected to arrive on the 28th, and it is a great source of consolation to me that he should be on the spot at such a moment. The marriage of Mademoiselle de Bethune was to have taken place almost immediately after his arrival, and my daughter has promised to attend her friend to the altar."

"Well, if Desbrow is there," said Lord Scamper, "I shall see him; he is a very good fellow, though somewhat too liberal in his politics for me—I am, as you all know, a staunch Tory: and, hang me, if I do not feel ten times a more ultra one, since I have seen, what your liberals have effected here, in so short a time. I have been in the midst of all their fighting, as

a cool spectator: they wanted me to take a part—nay, tried to force me into their ranks, but I declined, and saw no glory to be gained in joining a band of ragamuffins, set on to fight by a few interested political speculators, who keep back until they see which party is the stronger, and if their mob succeed in overturning law and order, they will come forward to take all the merit to themselves, and laugh in their sleeves at those who have been solely fighting to make great men of *them*. I must say these Frenchmen are as brave as lions; by Jove, I saw them do wonders; but what good will it do them?—in three years they will have much less liberty, under some liberal king, *imposed* on them, while they are taught to believe they have chosen him, than they had under their old legitimate sovereign, whose only fault was letting them go on too far, and then pulling them up too short without knowing whether the reins

were strong enough to hold them in. Aye, aye, you may smile," seeing Lord Vavasour look less grave than usual. "but I've been amongst them, and seen what sort of a set they are: they no more understand the *real* meaning of the word liberty, than a Hottentot does Greek; for they mistake licence and equality for it: and it is to obtain both these, that they are so ready to fight. I have been telling all this to my wife, who has got a pack of new-fangled notions in her head, and says it was a grand sight to see a nation rise *en masse*, to defend their liberties; just as if she could know any thing about the matter. But all this perversion and conceit comes from her having once met one of these Doctrinaire writers at the Princess Valskinca's, whose soirées are a sort of zoological garden, where all sorts of animals are to be found; and the Doctrinaire, intending to mount by the brute force of the populace, made fine

speeches of the grandeur of a people fighting for liberty, while I was longing to tell him, if I could have made it out in French, that I saw no grandeur in a mob fighting to put aside legitimate authorities, and set up such as himself in their place. People may say what they will ; but things that read very fine in print, when they are set off in well-chosen words, make but a poor figure when one is on the spot to see them—behind the curtain, as one may say ; and how I shall laugh, when our English newspapers come over here, filled with sublime descriptions of scenes, which certainly presented nothing sublime to my simple eyes, though they offered a good deal of the ridiculous. Oh ! à-propos to the ridiculous, I forgot to tell you that Lord and Lady Arden arrived at our hotel the night before the revolution broke out. *He* behaved like a philosopher all through ; and what is more, like a Christian, for he

has a kind heart and tender nature, and was grieved that a single life should be lost. But for her, it was better than a comedy to see her. She thought that every gun fired was aimed at her person, was angry with her husband because he was not more alarmed, and between the firing demanded of all around her, if they believed in the existence of a future state, and grew pale when they answered her in the affirmative. Luckily for her ladyship's peace, her Italian courier, who believes in nothing, except the gullibility and inexhaustible purses of the English, assured her that there was no hereafter; and this information infinitely soothed her feelings. So much for a lady who sets up for *un esprit-fort*—a philosopher in petticoats. Well, well, I must say, I never saw an *esprit-fort* who was not more superstitious and weak than other people. By the by, she

says, that she saw Lady Walmer at Milan, at the opera, and that her ladyship left it the next day, to be married at Florence."

Lord and Lady Vavasour cast glances of alarm at their daughter, whose pale cheeks became tinged with a deep rose, at the intelligence so incautiously repeated. Emily would have given worlds to have questioned Lord Scamper further on the subject, but she dared not trust herself; and her father and mother, though nearly equally anxious, would not, in her presence, prolong the conversation. Lord Scamper took his leave, promising to return in the evening, with intelligence of Mademoiselle de Bethune, and had only advanced a few yards from the hotel, when, to his great surprise, he encountered Lord Heatherfield.

"Why, bless my soul," exclaimed Lord Scamper, "you are the very last man in the

world I expected to meet;—when did you come? where do you lodge? and is your wife with you?"

"In reply to your two first questions, I came last night, lodge at the hotel de Londres, Place Vendome; but, as I have no wife, I came alone."

"What! no wife! this is strange; for Lady Arden told us that Lady Walmer had gone to Florence to be married; and, I naturally enough concluded it must have been to you. To be sure I left the room before her sententious ladyship had more than half finished her story; and *entre nous*, as they say here, a pretty deal of sly scandalous hits were mixed up in it. And so, after all, here you are, still free from the shackles of matrimony. Happy dog! if you but knew your happiness! Would that I was equally free! but, like a fool, I was flattered into putting on my chains.

and they have galled me ever since; and not a word of flattery do I get to render them lighter. I can hardly believe that Lady Scamper and Lady Janet Urquhart were one and the same person. She who used to be all smiles, and assented to every opinion, right or wrong, that I expressed, has never once agreed with me since we married, except it be, as I shrewdly suspect, in wishing the chains snapt that unite us. But it is no use lamenting; so I'll say no more on the subject of my domestic grievances, only that I caution you to take example by me, and shun wedlock. I have just left your old flame, Lady Emily Vavasour. I wish you had seen how she blushed, when I mentioned to the old folks, that Lady Walmer was gone to Florence to be married. I dare be sworn, that, like me, she fancied that you were the happy bridegroom; but, à-propos of that, who can he be? I must go and ask Lady Arden to tell me

all about it, after I return from the Faubourg St. Germain, where I am now going to inquire after the health of Mademoiselle de Bethune, who is ill, and about whom Lady Emily Vavasour is so alarmed, that I promised to bring her tidings."

"Then, we have met at a happy moment," replied Lord Heatherfield, "for I am going to the Hotel de Bethune, to learn intelligence of my friend Desbrow, so we will be companions."

During their promenade, Lord Scamper amused Lord Heatherfield with a description of the three eventful days of the revolution, and, robbing it of all the bright colours with which its partisans had decked it, his picture had much more of the ridiculous than of the sublime in it.

The Porter at the Hotel de Bethune, in answer to the questions of Lord Heatherfield, replied that no Englishman, ex-

cept Monsieur,—pointing to Lord Scamper,—had been within the gate since Monsieur le Comte de Bethune had returned from England, and that Mademoiselle was too ill to see any one: and with this information, they were obliged to be satisfied. In retracing their steps, from the Faubourg St. Germain, Lord Heatherfield reverted to the marriage of Lady Walmer: he wished Lord Scamper to announce to Lord and Lady Vavasour that *he* was *not* the husband; but he did not wish to ask him to do this, knowing how brusque and indiscreet he was. Lord Scamper, however, satisfied him on the point, by saying that he would certainly tell them that Heatherfield was not the happy man, "Though," added he archly, "I do not think you look unhappy, or disappointed either; and you are right, for you are a lucky dog, to escape being tied up—chained I ought to say —for life."

CHAPTER IX.

"It is when we most suffer, that we least doubt the existence of that power which can afflict or heal."

Cecile de Bethune had waited in trembling anxiety for the return of Madame le Moine. At one moment, she would throw herself on her couch, close her eyes, press her burning temples with her hands, and endeavour to remain quiet, till a fresh discharge of musquetry startled her anew, and sent her to the window, to strain her eyes in vain to discover what was

passing, and to find nought but rushing multitudes, seen through the vapoury mist of smoke, moving in confusion, and to hear the discordant yells of the mob, borne on the wind. She would sink on her knees, and offer up her prayers to that almighty Providence, in which was alone her trust, for the protection of her brother, who never seemed so dear to her as now that she trembled for his safety. How often did her thoughts revert to happy England, where the steadiness and good sense of the people offer a guarantee for the peace and prosperity of its favoured inhabitants; where the laws are respected, and the individuals of each class feel an equal advantage in supporting them; where men *reflect* before they *act*, and where good sense, the basis of all happiness, takes the place of that intoxicating enthusiasm, which in France subverts order to establish anarchy, and, in fighting for an imaginary good, loses sight of

that of which it is in possession, and, after each new effort, retrogrades still farther from the point which it seeks to obtain.

Cécile had to bear all the painful suspense and alarm that preyed upon her sinking spirits alone; her selfish father was reposing in his chamber, and the tearful Madame de la Rue was bewailing the untimely death of her "pauvre cher Cocco," and endeavouring to sooth the angry Bijou. Hour after hour rolled heavily away, until the exhausted Madame le Moine made her appearance, and the despair of Cécile became fixed, when she discovered that no tidings could be learnt of her brother. The agitation of so many hours, produced a violent fever, and, in the morning, she was found by the faithful le Moine, with throbbing temples, burning hands, and almost incapable of replying to her anxious inquiries. When her

father was informed of her illness, he declared himself the most unfortunate of men.

"No one," he said, "thought of him, or attended to his comfort. His son left him a whole day, in the most painful state of suspense, which had interfered dreadfully with his digestion, and given him the most disagreeable dreams, and now his daughter chose to make herself ill, at the moment he most required her aid to administer to his comfort, it was too bad, and enough," as he declared, "to vanquish even his philosophy."

A physician was sent for, who ordered Cécile to be kept perfectly quiet, and administered all the palliatives, with which French doctors tamper with the maladies which English practitioners attack vigorously, sometimes destroying the patient as well as the disease, while the French physician stands by to see fair play be-

tween them, only assisting his *malade*, by a certain quantity of innocent *tisanes*, which, according to him, *may* do good, and cannot do harm.

Another day of alarm passed over Paris, and its excited inhabitants, and still brought no tidings of the Comte Auguste de Bethune; but Cécile was now unconscious of all that was passing around her, for a delirium rendered her insensible of aught, save the confused images that presented themselves to her troubled imagination. She raved continually of Auguste and Desbrow, who were mingled together in all her dreams, and her father, who, more than once, on entering her darkened chamber, had heard her repeat their names, and address them in terms of the tenderest affection, muttered to himself, that "it was strange, very strange, that she did not talk of *him*, and that

Monsieur Desbrow occupied so much of her thoughts."

The third day, a man brought a few pencilled lines from Auguste, almost illegible, from the weakness of the hand that traced them, stating that he " had been wounded, but was now doing well, and carefully attended to by the good people who had received him into their house, and nursed him as if he had been their son."

Tranquillity being now, in some degree, restored, at least so far, that the Comte might venture abroad in safety,—a circumstance which that prudent personage took care to ascertain before he ventured his precious person without the gate of his hotel,—he proceeded to the house on the Boulevards, indicated by his son, whom he found weak and languid from loss of blood, but now out of all danger, his surgeon having

pronounced that he might be moved with perfect safety."

The first inquiries of Auguste were for his sister, of whose illness his father informed him,—not without comments on her want of philosophy, and several complacent remarks on the extent of that, which he himself had displayed on the late occasion:—"I was as cool and collected as at this moment," said the egotistical Comte, "notwithstanding that I admit there was sufficient annoyance to shake a less firm mind than mine; for, independent of the alarm naturally excited by the dangers to which you, my only son, the last scion of my ancient house, and supporter of my noble name, were exposed, I felt aware that the canaille would probably, turn their eyes on my hotel and person; on the first, as one of the most distinguished residences of that aristocracy which they detest; and on the second, as one of that class who they know despises their

power. Though I did not belong to the ministry, which, without vanity I may say, was an unfortunate thing for the monarchy, yet I thought they would probably have attributed much of the ordinances to my counsel: and *entre nous*, I always have advocated, and always will advocate, vigorous measures against the encroachments of the people. Had the king listened to my advice, things might be different; *mais hélas!* I fear it is *now* too late. But, to resume, — all this rendered my position peculiarly dangerous; yet I bore it with that equanimity that has always distinguished me: and, while others were either overwhelmed by fear, or wholly engrossed by the events passing around them, I had presence of mind sufficient to occupy myself in superintending—nay, I may say in assisting to prepare—a repast, which, without my efforts, never could have been accomplished. This,

my son, is true philosophy, and, exercised at such a moment of danger, emulates that displayed by Archimedes; for if the geometrician of Syracuse was so occupied in solving a problem, as to be ignorant that the besieging enemy had taken possession of the town, and lost his life in consequence of his abstraction, surely *I*, who was aware of all the danger that threatened me, displayed more *sang froid* in thus preparing the means of sustaining existence, while others trembled at the risk of losing it."

Auguste could hardly repress a smile at the comparison made by his father between a philosopher who thought *not* of self, and him who thought of nothing else; the old Comte, mistaking his own obtuseness and selfishness for philosophy,—than which nothing can be more opposite,—a mistake that he was not the first to have made. He inquired minutely

into all the particulars of the time and place where his son had received his wound; but Auguste could only tell him, that it occurred almost at the moment he had entered the court of the Hotel des Princes, in the Rue de Richelieu, to call off his soldiers, who had pursued thither some persons who had pelted them with stones.

The Comte immediately determined to go to the Hotel des Princes, and make all the necessary inquiries, with the intention, if the truth must be owned, of having an exact statement drawn up, as a future and incontestable claim on the Bourbons, whenever they might be restored to the throne.

From the proprietor of the hotel, he learned that, to an English gentleman, only a few moments arrived, his son owed his wound; and that the gentleman aimed not at him, but directed the pistol in self-defence towards the

soldiers, who were pressing on him, when, owing to his being pushed by the persons behind him, it went off, and killed the young officer. "No sooner," continued the loquacious host, "had Monsieur Desbrow heard the name of the officer he had inadvertently killed, than he was seized with such agitation, that a violent fever was the consequence, and he now lies dangerously ill in my hotel."

"Oh! oh!" thought the Comte to himself; "so, then, it is to the lover of my daughter that I owe the danger from which my son has so narrowly escaped; and he, and those around him, believe that Auguste is dead. Much may be made of this: Desbrow cannot, dare not think of again seeking the sister of him whom he believes he has killed; but, lest he should, I will write him a letter to forbid his ever addressing her again, and so dictate it, that, without entering into any particulars, or

making any false statement, it shall serve to him as a confirmation of what he already believes. Thus, shall I get rid of a marriage that I never could contemplate without displeasure, and either reserve my daughter's hand for one of my own countrymen, or, what would be still better, reserve her and her fortune for my own advantage. This is, indeed, a lucky discovery; but I must carefully conceal it from Cécile and Auguste, or otherwise they would soon inform Desbrow of his error; and the shot inadvertently fired, and the chagrin and consequent illness of Desbrow, would perhaps, with their romantic feelings, only increase the attachment between all three. No, no; I must keep all this confined to my own breast, and leave Cécile to imagine that her lover has deserted her; which, if she possesses any pride, (and when was a de Bethune known to be without it?) must soon destroy her attachment to him."

It was in consequence of these reflections, that the letter, already noticed, was dispatched from the Comte de Bethune to Desbrow, and that the latter left Paris nearly overwhelmed with despair from believing himself the murderer of the brother of her he loved.

Youth and a strong constitution enabled Cécile to conquer the fever that attacked her; but it left her so weak, that for several days she was unable to leave her chamber. Her brother returned to the Hotel de Bethune, his wound nearly healed, and all danger past, no vestige of it remaining but the paleness and languor consequent on such an accident. All his time was given to his sister; he would sit whole hours with her, reading aloud, or sketching and conversing on the topics that he thought most likely to interest her. He perceived that her spirits continued to be

deeply depressed, though it was evident she took pains to conceal it; and when he rallied her *tristesse*, she would faintly deny the truth of the charge, or else attribute it to the languor left by her recent malady. But when Auguste one day asked her when Desbrow was to arrive, to deprive him of his *petite sœur*, the deep blush that mounted even to her temples, and the embarrassment of her air and manner, convinced him that he had now discovered the cause of her melancholy, which it was clear was connected with the non-arrival of Desbrow. She tried to utter some words, but they were rendered unintelligible, by her agitation.

Auguste took her hand affectionately, and said, "I hope, my dear sister, you will not think me unkind for pressing a subject on you, that evidently inflicts pain. When did you last hear from Mr. Desbrow?"

"Not since ten days before the fatal revolution broke out," replied Cécile; and her cheek became as pale as marble.

"Did he not, in that letter, name the day he would arrive at Paris?" asked Auguste.

"Yes," answered his sister, "he stated he would certainly be here on the night of the 28th, and that early next day, he should present himself at the Hotel de Bethune. Since then, I have never heard from him," continued the gentle girl, trying to recover some degree of composure.

And now, Auguste no longer wondered at her melancholy.

"This is strange, very strange," said her brother, after musing for a few minutes. From all you have told me of Monsieur Desbrow, he is not a man to trifle with the feelings of a woman whose hand he has demanded. Nor is my Cécile a woman likely to be forgotten by

one who has once loved her. That man exists not, who dares with impunity trifle with the peace of my sister."

And the blood came to the cheeks of the high-spirited Auguste, as he uttered the words.

"Oh! no, my brother," said Cécile, "Desbrow is incapable of aught approaching to dishonour, or fickleness; he is all goodness; and illness, or some other fatal cause, can alone have retarded his arrival, or prevented his writing to explain why he has not come. A doubt of his affection has never crossed my mind; but, even such a doubt, were I capable of harbouring it, would be less insupportable, than the agonizing fears I feel for his safety."

Auguste drew her to his breast, and kissed her forehead; for there was something so touching in the confidence which the pure-minded girl reposed in the affection of her

lover, that it endeared her still more to the heart of her noble-minded and generous brother.

"Has my father never touched on the subject?" asked Auguste.

"No," replied Cécile; "he knew that Mr. Desbrow was to arrive on the 28th, and as my health has suffered so much since that period, his delicacy has probably prevented his reverting to his non-arrival."

Auguste was less induced to give their father much credit for delicacy, because he had known him longer, and better than had Cécile; but still he did not suspect him to be in any degree connected with the extraordinary silence of Desbrow; and, like his sister, he feared that illness, or some fatal accident, had befallen her lover, though from her, he carefully concealed this impression.

CHAPTER X.

"Misfortunes which have not been caused by our own misconduct, and which we may lay open to sympathy, are but as skin wounds, which are easily healed; but those which guilt has produced, and shame conceals, like the stolen prey of the Spartan boy, prey on the vitals, and the pangs must be concealed, while pressing their inflictor to the breast he feeds on."

When Lords Scamper and Heatherfield parted, it was the intention of the former, to call on Lord and Lady Vavasour, to state the result of his visit to the Hotel de Bethune; and he also intended to communicate Lord Heatherfield's arrival, as well as to state that he was not the

husband of the *ci-devant* Lady Walmer; but just as he reached the Rue de Rivoli, he met his servant, who had been sent in search of him by Lady Scamper, to announce that a courier had arrived from England, with letters, demanding his immediate presence.

He and Lady Scamper were on their route to England in two hours after; the letters he had received, having informed him of the dangerous illness of an uncle, whose heir he expected to be, and who required his immediate return. The consequence was, that poor Lady Emily remained undeceived, in her belief that Lord Heatherfield was now the husband of Lady Walmer, as Lord Scamper had only time to write a few hasty lines to inform Lord Vavasour of his sudden departure for London, and omitted to name Heatherfield.

In a few days from this period, Lady Emily became so much worse in health, that the me-

dical men whom her father consulted, advised her being taken to Italy, by slow journies; an advice which the anxious parents were most desirous to adopt, but which she intreated them to postpone, until her dear friend Cécile was quite recovered.

At length, obtaining the welcome intelligence that the physicians of Mademoiselle de Bethune having pronounced her to be convalescent, no longer objected to her receiving her friends, she hastened to the Faubourg St. Germain; where the two amiable girls wept tears of pleasure, at once more meeting and pouring their griefs into each other's breasts. How much had they to communicate, and with what a true sympathy did either listen to the chagrin of her friend! Their sorrows seemed to be a new bond of attachment between them; and they reflected with deep regret on their approaching separation.

Lady Emily was soon made acquainted with Auguste, and learned to appreciate his many estimable qualities, while he was so charmed with her gentleness and good sense, that he was never more happy than when forming a trio in the boudoir of his sister, during the long visits of Lady Emily.

The Comte de Bethune beheld unmoved the ravages which anxiety and suspense were producing on the health and spirits of his amiable daughter. His obtuseness prevented him from being able to judge of the intensity of her feelings; and he allowed her to pine away from day to day in a state of mind, which, had he been aware of it, even he, cold-hearted as he was, might have pitied, enough to have induced him to utter the few words which would have explained all the secret of her lover's absence, and silence. But in his stolid blindness, and all engrossing egotism, he even con-

gratulated himself on the success of his plan for separating the lovers, and scarcely regretted the wound which had given his son so much suffering, since its result had been to break off the proposed union, that was so hateful to him. There were moments, when, as Auguste de Bethune marked the pale cheek and clouded brow of his sister, his indignation became excited against Desbrow, and his proud heart panted to avenge the slight which he imagined had been offered to her; but she so continually assured him of the impossibility of her affianced husband's acting ill, that he suffered his anger to be subdued by her reasoning, and awaited with outward calm, but internal impatience, the developement of Desbrow's mysterious absence and silence.

The Comte de Bethune still continued to give way to his gourmand propensities; and after dinners, more suited to his epicurean palate than

to a stomach weakened by intemperate indulgence, he would retire to his chamber, and, in a luxurious siesta, pass an hour previous to commencing his evening visit of condolence to his friend the Duchess de Montcalm, who, by the recent revolution, found her salons deprived of most of her accustomed visitors. It was after a more than usually *recherché* repast, to which he had done ample justice, that having been somewhat more than an hour asleep, his valet de chambre entered to announce that his carriage was at the door; and on approaching his master, discovered that his slumber was that of death. Medical advice was called in, but the vital spark was extinct; and the remains of him, who had never felt but for self, were bedewed with the tears of two affectionate children, who, in spite of his errors, mourned him as if he had constituted their happiness, instead of having

never considered that of any human being, save his own.

A will was found in the deceased Comte's écritoire, in which the most minute directions for his interment were detailed, and strict injunctions given that it should be graced with all the pomp and ceremony befitting his rank. Yet, at the period when this will was made, some four or five years prior to his death, his fortune was so limited as barely to allow him to leave a scanty pittance to his children; for he had, with that engrossing selfishness which characterized him, sunk the greater part of the sum he had received as an indemnity, in an annuity for his life; his funeral expenses, therefore, were to have been deducted from the miserable portions allotted to his children. Thus did this egotist exhibit even to the last, his two ruling passions—selfishness and vanity.

It was now, that Cécile felt the inestimable value of her brother; he soothed and comforted her, attended to all her wishes, as if his sole object in life was to fulfil them, and watch over her happiness.

When the funeral had taken place, and all the necessary changes been made in the domestic establishment, it occurred to Auguste, that nothing could be so conducive to the recovery of his sister's health, and peace of mind, as to accompany Lady Emily Vavasour to Italy.

The proposal was readily agreed to by Cécile, who, independent of the desire of enjoying the society of her friend, was anxious to remove her brother, whose impetuosity she dreaded, from the possibility of meeting Desbrow, until his unaccountable absence and silence should have been satisfactorily explained. That it would be, she never allowed herself to doubt, for the purity and sincerity of her own

attachment permitted her not to suspect his, though, to all others, his apparent forgetfulness of her might warrant suspicion.

Lord and Lady Vavasour were scarcely less gratified than their daughter, by the prospect of Cécile and her brother accompanying them to Italy; and it was consequently settled that they should depart the same day, and make their tour together. To the repeated hints of Madame de la Rue, of the desire she had felt for years to see Italy, Cécile turned a deaf ear, but consoled her by a liberal present, and a new collar for Bijou, which last delicate mark of attention was received with nearly as much gratitude as the more solid proof of Cécile's generosity. The Duchess de Montcalm highly disapproved of the intended departure for Italy, and appeared no less surprised than mortified that her disapprobation seemed to make no change in their plans. She even observed, in pointed terms,

on the want of respect it evinced towards the memory of her dear departed friend, their father; and commented on the *manque de convenances* of Mademoiselle de Bethune's travelling with her brother, without the protection of a *dame de compagnie* to *chaperone* her. To Auguste's observation, that Lady Vavasour's presence obviated the necessity of any other *chaperon*, she replied, "*Pas du tout*, Lady Vavasour being English, could not discharge the various duties of a *chaperon* to a young French lady, the usages of the two countries being wholly different. She, therefore, advised that they should take with them Madame de la Rue, who she was sure would not object to go."

This counsel was not without a motive, for the Duchess very much dreaded Madame de la Rue's coming back as a fixture to her old apartment in the Hotel de Montcalm. But her advice had no longer any weight in the family de Be-

thune, and she never was so sincere in her regret for the death of its head, as when she discovered that it deprived her of the power of governing Cécile, and of interfering in her movements. She was scarcely civil when the sister and brother bade her farewell, and they were most philosophically indifferent to her feelings on the subject.

Cécile consulted Lord Vavasour as to the mode of having a deed of settlement drawn to insure her brother the half of her fortune during her life, and the reversion of the whole at her decease. Nor would she leave Paris until this deed was executed, though she took care to conceal her intention from Auguste until it was regularly carried into effect. She had much difficulty in persuading this generous and high-spirited young man to accept her gift; and it was not until she had appeared deeply wounded by his reluctance, and affected to view it as a

proof of his want of affection for her, that he consented. This removed a load of anxiety from her mind, and she now entered into the preparations for her departure from Paris, with a lighter heart, though still oppressed with grief for her recent loss, and anxiety about Desbrow.

The grief which the sensitive Cécile experienced for the death of her father, was mingled with, or perhaps wholly composed of, remorse for not having sufficiently loved or valued him during life. Now that he was no longer before her, to disgust by his selfishness, or to *ennuyer* her by his absurd national prejudices, she forgot that either had been his prevailing characteristic; and gave him credit for qualities, for his possession of which she drew more largely on her imagination than on her memory. She wept for the father she *could* have loved and respected,

rather than for him, whose errors had embittered the brief period they had passed together; and her gentle nature lent to his memory a brighter hue, than her experience had ever been able to give to his actual existence.

Auguste had sent in his resignation, being determined no longer to serve in an army, which, like the old Prætorian guard, was ready to assist the most powerful candidate for the crown; and to transfer its allegiance from one sovereign to another, with the same facility with which it would change its uniform. The imperial eagle, the snowy lily, or the tri-coloured ensign, were all the same to them; but, as *he* could not acquire their Protean qualities, he left them for ever, having certain old fashioned notions, ycleped principles, which he could not desert, but which the boasted march of intellect had taught so many of his contemporaries to forget or disdain. An oath with him, was a

sacred thing, and the one of service he had made to Charles the Tenth, he could only transfer to his legitimate successor.

Much as he loved France, he was not sorry to leave it at the present moment, when the people, intoxicated with the triumph they had gained, thought more of displaying than of using it soberly, to secure to themselves those rights, in the hope of obtaining which they had upset one monarchy, and erected another. Young and inexperienced as was the Comte de Bethune, he saw enough to make him tremble for the happiness of his country, when that happiness depended on the will of the fickle multitude, who so easily can be made the engine of the ambitious and designing. And he prophesied that Louis Philippe would with impunity attack that liberty which Charles the Tenth lost his crown for merely attempting to infringe.

It was on a fine day, in the early part of

August, that two travelling carriages, containing the family of Lord Vavasour, and the de Bethunes, (Auguste and Cécile,) left Paris for Switzerland, on their route to Italy. Though the roses of health no longer bloomed on the cheeks of our heroines, they still offered two as exquisite specimens of beauty as could be seen; and left naught to the beholder to desire, except that a little more red, might mingle with the almost snowy paleness of their complexions, and that smiles would show more frequently the dimples that were wont in other days to play round their lips.

CHAPTER XI.

"Il n'y a que les montagnes qui ne se rencontrent jamais."

When Lord Heatherfield left Lord Scamper, he again betook him to a search after his friend Desbrow, and was returning to his hotel fatigued and disheartened, at not being able to hear any tidings of him, when his *voiture de remise* broke down, and he was precipitated with such force against the step that he sprained his ankle. On arriving at his hotel it was found to be so swollen and inflamed,

that the surgeon who had been summoned to examine it, ordered him not to leave his bed, except for a sofa, until the swelling and inflammation had subsided. Never could a sentence of confinement have been so irksome to him as at this moment! when within a short distance of her who occupied all his thoughts, and into whose presence he hoped soon to have been admitted. He tried to walk when the surgeon had left him, but found every attempt at motion brought on such acute pain, that nothing was left him but to submit to be a prisoner for some days.

He looked forward with anxious impatience to seeing Lord Scamper, and to hearing how Lord and Lady Vavasour and their charming daughter had received the intelligence that he was at Paris, and free, and that Lady Walmer was married to another. Every step that approached his door during the first two days

must be, he thought, that of Lord Scamper: but when the third day passed by, without his making his appearance, Lord Heatherfield, unable any longer to support his anxiety, dispatched a note to his hotel, to apprise him of his accident, and to request to see him as soon as possible. To his inexpressible disappointment, the note was brought back, with the intelligence that Lord Scamper had set off suddenly for England, three days before; and here ended all his hopes of receiving any intelligence through him.

Three tedious weeks had rolled away, ere Lord Heatherfield was able to walk, even with the assistance of a cane; but the moment he could move, his first visit was to the British embassy, where, to his unspeakable surprise, he learnt that Mr. Desbrow had obtained a passport for Italy two days before, and had left Paris. He ascertained the hotel where his

friend had resided, and proceeded there immediately, to gain intelligence respecting him. The master of the hotel was absent, and all he could learn was, that Mr. Desbrow had been there for some weeks, confined to his bed by severe indisposition, and had set out for Italy two days before, to travel by easy journies, as he was still too weak to bear the fatigue of quick posting.

Lord Heatherfield determined immediately on pursuing him; and, having procured his passport, was on the route early the next morning, resolved to travel with all speed until he could overtake his friend. The evening before his departure, he read in a French paper the account of the marriage of Lady Walmer at Florence, with the Prince Romano. This confirmation of Lord Scamper's news was a balm to his heart, and cheered his spirits so much that he could not resist again forming

anticipations of happiness. He sent to the hotel to inquire if Lord Vavasour and family were still there; not that he dared, uncalled, present himself before them, but that he wished to know something of their movements before he departed: but his messenger returned with the intelligence, that the family had left Paris that day, and as it was not stated where they had gone to, Lord Heatherfield concluded that they had returned to England, and so left Paris with less regret, now that it no longer contained his beloved Emily.

He travelled the whole of the day and night that followed his departure from Paris, and arrived the next morning at ——, where he ordered breakfast. While it was being prepared, he sat near a window looking into a garden belonging to the auberge, and his attention was drawn to a lady and gentleman who were walking there. The gentle-

man gave his arm to the lady, and seemed anxiously attending to what she was saying. The singular beauty of the man struck him, and something in the air of the lady, who, though wrapped in a pelisse, still showed a certain grace and elegance in her motions that seemed familiar to him, rivetted his attention; when, as they drew near to the open window, the well known tones of Lady Emily Vavasour's voice struck on his ear. At that moment, the waiter entered with his breakfast, and Lord Heatherfield, quickly and nervously pointing to the lady and gentleman in the garden, demanded who they were.

The waiter replied, that he had forgotten their names, but that they were English, had arrived the night before, and were going on in an hour; and added, with that archness peculiar to French waiters, "Monsieur le Mari," pointing to Auguste, "had not badly chosen,

for madame was one of the handsomest ladies he had ever seen, though a little suffering:" the possible cause of which he playfully touched upon, and for which Lord Heatherfield felt at the moment as if he could have annihilated him, though he doubted not the truth of at least a part of his statement. That Emily could be there alone, with any man who was not her husband, he deemed impossible; and that she *was* there—alas! his eyes bore witness, for he had seen her face as well as heard her voice. In the agitation which this painful discovery occasioned, it never occurred to him to ask whether monsieur and madame had any companions on their journey—no, he had seen them alone, and therefore, if the disturbance of his mind enabled him to form any reflection whatever, he concluded they were travelling alone. His breakfast, consequently, was sent away untouched—post-horses were ordered out forthwith, and he

threw himself into his carriage in a state of anguish that might have excited pity even in an enemy. Had he waited only five minutes longer, he would have seen Lord and Lady Vavasour, with Mademoiselle de Bethune, join Lady Emily and her companion, for they had seated themselves on a bench at the far end of the garden, while Auguste gave his arm to Lady Emily to continue her walk. Had Lord Heatherfield's ancient valet de chambre been with him, he would have probably been recognised by some of Lord Vavasour's servants, and so would have learned the movements of the family; but he had left his master in England, and the servants who now composed the suite of his lordship were all foreigners, who knew nothing of the Vavasour family, and nearly as little of that of their present lord, their knowledge being confined to the fact that he was *un Milord Anglais très riche*, and that he was called "Milord

Hathenfeldt," which was the nearest assimilation to his title that their stubborn organs of speech could attain. But names have little weight with foreign servants, who seem to be of the gentle Juliet's opinion, when she asked, "What's in a name?"—It is the purse, and not the cognomen of their employer, that interests them; and as long as they can draw on the one, they care little for the other.

Lord Heatherfield overtook his friend Desbrow the night of the third day of his journey, and was shocked to witness the ravages that illness had produced on his frame. He was scarcely to be recognised, and was still so weak that Heatherfield felt seriously alarmed for his final recovery.

The meeting between the friends was most affectionate. Heatherfield reproached Desbrow for not having immediately informed him of his change of projects, and of his illness.

"Could you have doubted," said he, "of my coming to you immediately, and accompanying you, as I now intend to do, wherever you go, until your health is restored?"

"My illness," replied Desbrow, "attacked me the day after my luckless, fatal arrival at Paris;" and here he shuddered involuntarily. "The moment I could leave that wretched place I set out, and though I wished to have you with me, you can imagine why I also wished to keep you from Italy."

"Congratulate me, my friend," said Heatherfield, "for no longer does any reason exist why I should shun Italy. Lady Walmer is married to an Italian prince."

"I am, indeed, delighted to hear it," said Desbrow, and a faint smile flitted over his pale countenance, as he recollected his own prediction of that lady's forming another attachment; "then, now, my dear friend, there can

be no obstacle to your marriage with Lady Emily."

"Name it not," replied Lord Heatherfield, changing countenance, "alas! that now can never be, for she is the wife of another. I saw them yesterday, she was leaning fondly on his arm, just as she used once to lean on mine, and pouring into his enraptured ears the delicious tones of that musical voice, which I have so often recalled to memory in the silence of night. I questioned a servant at the hotel where I beheld them, pointing to them as they walked in the garden, beautiful as our first parents ere they had known sin, while I felt almost as envious as the serpent that tempted Eve. The man remembered not their names; they had arrived only the night before, and were to pursue their journey immediately; but he jested on the good taste of Monsieur le Mari, and on the probable cause of the delicacy of health of

madame ; and *this*, to *me*, Desbrow—to me who would have given worlds to be in that husband's place !"

" But, surely, you would have heard something of their marriage at Paris," said Desbrow ; " the position and rank of the parties *must* have led to its being a topic of discourse ?"

" I was confined to my chamber by a sprained ankle during three weeks," replied Lord Heatherfield ; " I saw no one, except a French surgeon, and heard nothing. The night before I left, I sent to the hotel, where they had been staying, and there, my servant learned that they had quitted Paris. It is now clear that Lord and Lady Vavasour returned to England, and that Lady Emily and her husband are on their route to Italy. Let us not recur to them again, my dear Desbrow, it unmans me ; for *you* know not, *I* did not myself know, how I loved her, until I had lost her for ever, and at the period too.

when I thought Lady Walmer's marriage had removed every obstacle to my again seeking her hand."

"All this appears so strange and unaccountable," said Desbrow, after a moment's pause, "that I cannot help thinking that some misconception exists. Lady Emily, from all that I have heard of her by one who knows her well, would not be likely to transfer her affections to another so soon after they had been placed on you; nor would she bestow her hand without them."

"Alas! my dear friend, I cannot, dare not, cheat myself into hope on this subject—let us drop it."

"But you,—what has broken off your marriage with Mademoiselle de Bethune? She was very ill at Paris when I called at the hotel of her father to inquire after you."

"Ill did you say," asked Desbrow, "This intelligence alone was wanted to complete my unhappiness. But, how could it be otherwise, after such a blow—a blow that at once destroyed her happiness and mine? Do not question me further at present, my dear friend, one day, you shall know all; but now, I dare not enter on the subject. All I can tell you is, that Cécile is dearer to me than life, but that a dreadful circumstance has occurred by which we are separated for ever."

The friends pursued their route in the same carriage, and having remained a few days at Dijon, they did not again encounter the party of Lord Vavasour, who had taken another route.

The sympathy that existed between Lord Heatherfield and Desbrow rendered them still dearer, and more necessary than ever to each other. They mutually tried to turn their atten-

tion from the painful subjects which had lately so embittered their lives, and by the time they had reached the lake of Como, where they intended sojourning for a few weeks, they had regained some portion of their former composure, though their secret griefs still rankled at their hearts. The health of Desbrow became better, and though Lord Heatherfield was still a little lame, he could walk without pain, and, supported by the arm of his friend, would ramble round the beautiful environs of Como.

CHAPTER XII.

"Le monde méprise assez généralement ce qui rampe effrayé devant lui. Souvent ce qui le brave, il l'absout."

It is long since we have reverted to the ci-devant Lady Walmer, whom we left at Florence, where she stayed but a few days, as the quantity of English there, and their peculiar mode of staring at her and her party, led her to think that it would be wise to abridge the period of her sojourn in their vicinity. The Princess Barberini had remarked more than once, that it

was strange her *cara amica* did not meet any friends among the crowds of her compatriots whom they encountered every day; and had several times commented on the rude habit of staring which the English had lately adopted. Every remark of this kind brought the colour to the cheeks of the bride, and she endured pangs of humiliated pride, known only to the proud but guilty mind,—which, conscious of meriting reprobation, shrinks from its infliction, and receives with anger, instead of penitence, the punishment induced by misconduct. There were many noble families at Florence with whom the Princess Romano had formerly been on habits of close intimacy, they now pointedly avoided her, or else stared at her, with glances in which curiosity or contempt were more evident than good-will. Not a single incident of this kind escaped the observation of this unfortunate

woman; she seemed to be endued with an intuitive prescience on such occasions, and never saw a group of English without a heightened colour, and increased pulsation of the heart. She grieved for the *consequences* of her misconduct, but not for the misconduct; hence she resented as injuries the sense manifested of it by her former acquaintances, and calling up pride to her aid, she returned their glances with haughty looks of contempt, which only served to render them still more ill-disposed towards her. The few days she had passed at Florence —the bridal days—which in general are considered among the brightest in woman's life, had been days of bitterness to the Princess Romano. And though she endeavoured to conceal what was passing in her breast from those around her, and even to assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, the effects of

the mortification hourly inflicted on her were but too visible in her manner. She became abstracted, impatient, and peevish by turns, and the Princess Barberini observed to her husband, that the poor Prince Romano had dearly earned the immense fortune of his wife, by being condemned to submit to her capricious temper.

The bridegroom was not slow at discovering that his bride was far from being the amiable person he had believed her to be. Still her personal beauty, which had the gloss of novelty to recommend it, excited his admiration, and her fortune, which was the principal point of attraction to him, consoled him for the defects in her temper, which were but too apparent. The want of solid mental acquirements in her companions, which had hitherto escaped her attention, now that she was thrown for some days wholly into their society, struck her with

astonishment. They knew nothing of the history of their own country, and in accompanying her to view the many interesting objects that Florence contains, seemed more surprised than gratified at the extent of her knowledge of the different events, which gave additional interest to the spots where they occurred, and which she referred to on gazing on them. The frivolity of her ill-educated, but well-bred husband, disgusted her; and, when she was descanting on the munificence of the Medici, while admiring the treasures of art they had collected, or examining with the eye of a connoisseur some exquisite bijou from the hand of Benvenuto Cellini, he would refer with infinite *onction* to some modern trinket that he had seen at a jeweller's, or talk encomiastically of a picture so bad as scarcely even to be worthy of reprobation.

In a day or two after their return to Milan,

ere yet the new-made wife had enjoyed the display of her bridal pomp, the Prince demanded her attention while he laid before her an *exposé* of the dilapidated state of his finances. He detailed the advantage to be acquired by liberating certain estates, whose revenues at present had passed into the greedy hands of usurers, or the scarcely less grasping ones of nominal friends. "A hundred thousand pounds would," he coolly added, "free him from *some* of the most urgent and clamorous of his creditors, and give a considerable addition to his income, by redeeming a portion of his estates from the mortgages which at present were devouring them. As for the rest of his creditors, they would probably consent to wait, if his *cara amica* (kissing his wife's hand) would assign a part of her income for their liquidation."

The Princess heard him in silence, for sur-

prise, in the first moment, and anger, in the second, deprived her of utterance. She saw that she had married a ruined man, and the conviction that he had wedded her for her fortune burst upon her with fearful force. Her anger got the mastery of her prudence, and she vented reproaches, "not loud but deep," which proved to her husband that to *his* reputed fortune, and *not* to *her* affection, as his vanity had led him to believe, did he owe the honour of her hand. She told him, with more of malicious triumph than feminine sympathy in her manner, that her whole fortune consisted of but four thousand a year, which would expire with her, and that this sum was barely sufficient to enable her to live in the style to which she had been accustomed.

"I admit this," said the Prince, "but am I to conclude that you will make no sacrifice

whatever to redeem my honour? I have play debts to many of my friends—to the Prince Barberini, for instance, I owe a considerable sum, which he expects to receive immediately. The fame of your immense wealth, which was as little doubted by my friends as by myself, has led all my creditors to calculate on payment as soon as we were married. If they are disappointed, dishonour and a prison await me; from both, you may yet save me, by signing certain papers. Think of the triumph to our enemies—and your beauty has raised up a host—to see us, ere yet we have dazzled them by our nuptial splendour, disgraced and humiliated. You see the preparations I have made, that you might take that place at the head of the society at Milan, to which your charms and my station entitle you; will you, can you, allow all these magnificent preparations to be useless? nay, to serve as marks of our disgrace.

when, by merely signing some papers, all may be saved? I am heir to my uncle, the Prince Cesarini; he is old and infirm, and his fortune must soon be mine, so that I can then redeem your name, by paying the debts for which you will now sign it, and I shall owe my happiness to you."

The intreaties of her husband, and (but, alas! that we should be obliged to avow it,) the temptations of vanity, still more than his intreaties, induced the weak-minded Princess Romano to sign all the papers he presented to her. She looked around, and, in imagination, saw the splendid salons, newly and magnificently decorated to do honour to her, and in which she was to receive the homage of all the *élite* of the Milanese society. No, she could not resist the temptation of shining once more, though her reason whispered her, that her brilliancy must soon be eclipsed by poverty

and ruin. In spite, however, of her conviction, this unprincipled woman, for the gratification of her vanity, sacrificed not only her fortune, but ultimately her personal freedom—sacrifices, which affection would never have led her to make.

And now, all was gaiety and splendour in the Palazzo Romano. All the noble Milanese families, with the greater part of whom the Prince was nearly connected, flocked round his bride; costly wedding presents were showered on her with a profusion that indicated the donors' belief of her power of re-paying them by gifts of far higher price.

Balls, fêtes, and banquets, of almost regal splendour, were given in succession, by the new-married couple; and, in a few weeks, the Princess Romano found herself the acknowledged leader of fashionable society at Milan. She was consulted and appealed to by all, on

matters of etiquette: her look was a fiat, and her word a law. Nor did she bear her honours meekly. No, she must remodel the society—she must establish the same exclusive system which has been so judiciously adopted in London, and whose effects on society have been to destroy that which it was meant to improve. Her zeal was as indefatigable as it was ill judged, and subjected so many persons to vexations and petty humiliations, that it raised up a host of enemies, for her who had so much occasion to cultivate friends. She subverted the whole machine of society, which had hitherto moved so smoothly, because inequalities were unknown; and the unsophisticated Milanese could not understand, why lines of demarcation were now to be drawn, excluding many of those who had hitherto formed but one circle. In vain they referred to their ancient descent, marriages, and inter-

marriages, through generations of noble blood; they were pronounced by the Princess to be bores, (or to have *mauvais ton,*) and consequently to be unfit for the exclusive circle she wished to form. Heart-burnings, jealousies, and quarrels, followed the innovations of the female dictator, each day rendering her more unpopular, and widening the breach between her and the persons she had excluded. Her husband, who was a good-natured, though unthinking man, endeavoured to point out to her the evils of the course she was pursuing; but, like all weak people, she was pertinaciously attached to her own opinions, and refused to listen to his representations.

The friends and connexions of many of those whom the Princess had made pariahs in her circle, were amongst the creditors of her husband, and certain of the bills she had signed fell into the hands of those who had angry feelings

towards her. For some time, they forbore, from a lingering sentiment of good will towards the Prince, to take advantage of the power of revenging the slights put upon them by his wife; while the vain and heartless woman unthinkingly pursued her reckless career of insolence and extravagance, their patience and intentions of forbearance daily diminished. So few English came to Milan, that having hitherto escaped any disagreeable contact with them, she had now ceased to think of her compatriots with dread, and imagined that her despotic empire at Milan was too firmly established to admit of their being able to shake it.

The husband, as thoughtless and unprincipled as his wife, had contracted fresh debts, and by misrepresentations relative to her fortune, had gained temporary credit, which only added to the difficulties with which he had been embarrassed previously to his marriage, and

which now were overwhelming him by the accumulation of principal and interest. The trades-people furnished his palazzo with all the necessaries and luxuries he required, taking care to charge in proportion to the risk of payment,—a system quite as well understood, by that class, at the other side of the Alps, as in more civilized London: and his numerous establishment, not being in the habit of receiving their wages, thought themselves entitled to commit as much waste as they could as a set-off against the sums due to them,—not that they were willing to forego even the least part of their claims: on the contrary, they loudly and frequently reiterated them to the secretary and major-domo of his excellency the Prince, which reiterations only drew forth sundry shrugs of the shoulders, turnings up of the eyes, and *che volete, non abiamo una denari*, from these respectable personages, who,

having amassed a considerable sum by their rapacious extortions on the purse of their prodigal master, were careless of the fate of him they had plundered. Each domestic under the plea of not being paid, brought his wife and children to the palazzo, where they fared sumptuously, and thanklessly, at the expense of its improvident master, whose establishment was, by this means, increased threefold; so that his princely revenues, had they been still at his command free and unincumbered, would not have sufficed to defray the ruinous extravagance practised beneath his roof. Not only were the families of his menials maintained at his expense, but their friends and acquaintances, and the friends of their friends, were every day feasted in the Palazzo Romano; while these very plunderers who were thus ruinously expending thousands, severely commented on every new purchase made by the

Prince and Princess, as unpardonable acts of extravagance. There was not a single domestic in their suite who felt either respect or gratitude towards them; yet both were kind and easy to their servants, who looked on their culpable indulgence without thanks, while they resented even the appearance of severity with murmur and reproaches. Such was the establishment of the Prince Romano, and the ill-ordered home of her, who a year before, was mistress of one of the best regulated houses in England.

CHAPTER XIII.

And is it thus we meet in a strange land?
We, who were once the world unto each other?
What, not a word of greeting?
Our hearts converse, although our lips are silent;
Or why this deep emotion that I feel,
Or that deep blush that dies thy pallid cheek?

The friends highly enjoyed their *séjour* at Como, and passed many an hour on its beautiful lake, and in examining its romantic environs. Often did they pause to look on the ruins of the Castle of Baradello, whence, in the year 1277, Sforza had the barbarity to suspend a cage, in which he imprisoned his conquered foe, the

celebrated Torriani, who, exposed to all the inclemency of such a stormy region, perished while gazing on those beautiful and vast domains, of which he had once been the proud master. Nor did they forget, that in this lovely spot, which seems as if only formed to soften the heart of man by displaying the works of his Creator in their most beautiful aspect, superstition and bigotry had marked their fearful reign; and their terrific engine, the inquisition, had here sacrificed hundreds of victims to its vengeance.

After Lord Heatherfield, and his friend Desbrow, had passed a month at Como, they decided on going to Milan; and the day previous to their departure, Heatherfield having letters to write, Desbrow strolled along by the borders of the beautiful lake, and, tempted by the fineness of the day, entered a boat, and was rowed by his barcaroli on its glassy bosom.

The awning and curtains were drawn, to exclude the sun; and he amused himself with a book, while he reclined on the cushions. The splashing of oars passing close to his boat attracted his attention,—but how did it become rivetted when he heard a voice, whose tones thrilled to his very heart, uttering words of tenderness to some one! He partially drew aside the curtain and beheld Cécile—his Cécile—supported by the arm of another, and that other, one of the handsomest young men he had ever seen. He sank back on the seat, almost overcome by the intensity of his emotions. Rage, jealousy, and love, strove for mastery in his agitated breast. Had she then so soon, so very soon, forgotten him?—and could she wed another so shortly after the death of her brother? And yet, that she was married, admitted not of a doubt,—how otherwise could she be alone with the handsome man he saw, or utter the words of tenderness

he heard her address to him? It was all but too clear, she was the wife of another! and he was miserable. He ordered the boatman to return home, and entered the house a prey to the most violent emotions.

He sought Heatherfield, and related what he had seen, intreating him to fix their departure for an early hour of the morrow, as he dreaded the possibility of again meeting her who had never ceased to occupy all his thoughts. Lord Heatherfield could offer him no consolation, because he believed that the presence of Cécile with the handsome stranger proved that she was married.

And now, for the first time, did Desbrow acquaint him with the dreadful catastrophe at Paris, and the letter from the father of Cécile. He was both shocked and grieved at the melancholy tale; and if he could not dispel the

wretchedness of his friend, he at least soothed it by his sympathy.

They set off for Milan at an early hour the next morning, happy to escape the chance of another interview with her, to whom the thoughts of Desbrow reverted with a frequency and a bitterness known only to those, who having tried to banish one prevalent idea from the mind, have found it recur still more pertinaciously, in spite of every effort. The similarity of the position of both friends, each supposing the object of his affection to have become the wife of a stranger, united them still more strongly. Sincere and mutual was the sympathy, abstraction, and melancholy then excited; and neither of them was *géné* by the presence of the other, from the consciousness of the congeniality of their feelings.

They had not been two days in Milan, when

they met the English minister from Naples, who had only arrived the day before, on his route to England, and meant to stop a few days. He requested them to accompany him that evening to a *soirée* given by the Princess Boromeo; and pressed them so much, that though little inclined to gaiety, they at length consented. He called for them at the hour fixed; and, having presented them in due form to the mistress of the Palazzo Boromeo, he led them through the superb suite of apartments, hung with some of the many chef-d'œuvres of art, which render Italy a land of attraction to all who know how to appreciate the pictures and statues with which it abounds.

Lord Heatherfield stopped in one of the rooms to admire an exquisite group by Canova, while his friend paused before a Titian, whose warm and beautiful colouring delighted him. While Lord Heatherfield was admiring the group,

some person behind him was pointing out its perfections to another: the remarks displayed such a knowledge and love of art, that, involuntarily, he turned round to look at the judicious critic, and his eyes encountered those of the Lady Emily Vavasour, while in her companion he recognised the handsome man who had been pointed out to him, as her husband, by the waiter at ——. Rapid as was the glance he cast at her, he saw the colour mount to her very temples. He moved quickly away, and left the palazzo, desiring his *laquais de place* to inform Mr. Desbrow, that he had gone home.

Desbrow, wishing to call the attention of his friend to the admirable picture he had been admiring, was returning to the place where he had left him, when he saw Cécile leaning on the arm of the same handsome stranger with whom he had seen her in the boat, on the Lake of

Como, three days before. Both were hurrying along, while the stranger was telling her something in a low voice, that seemed to excite a strong interest, by the effect it produced on her countenance. She did not see Desbrow, for her attention was wholly occupied by her companion; but he had narrowly observed her, brief as was the moment allowed him for observation, and he remarked that she was thinner and paler than in former days, and that she was in deep mourning. He felt that it would be cruel to her, and too great a trial for himself, to run the risk of again meeting her, so he hurried from the room, and left the house a few minutes after his friend, whom he found at the alberga, in a state of visible agitation.

"I have seen her again," said Lord Heatherfield, "and with her happy husband."

"And I," replied Desbrow, "have seen Cécile on the arm of her's, which drove me away.

A fatality seems to pursue us. Let us leave Milan to-morrow," continued Desbrow; "for I would not again encounter her, for the world."

At an early hour the next morning, the friends were in their carriages, anxious to escape from the persons dearest to them on earth, and little aware that they were flying from happiness.

They proceeded towards Venice, staying a few days at Verona on the route; where they admired the amphitheatre, that splendid remnant of a former age, so creditable to the reign of Trajan, and the wonderful state of preservation of which permits one to judge of its pristine beauty, without drawing any longer drafts on our veneration for antiquity than may be acquitted at sight,—a merit possessed but by few similar objects of interest in Italy. They visited the reputed sarcophagus of

"Romeo and Juliet;" but not all their romantic feelings and sympathy for the lovers, could lead them to believe, that the rudely-formed trough, cut in stone, without a single ornament, exhibited to them in a vineyard, by an old woman, whose garrulity was enough to put sentiment and the powers of association to flight, could ever have been the resting-place of the gentle Juliet and her enamoured Romeo.

Some less incredulous English—an elderly couple, who looked like a citizen and his wife—were viewing it at the same time, and the man observed aloud, "That the poor bodies must have had scarcely room enough, though, to be sure, they were but young when they died, and young people are seldom fat;" and here the speaker suffered his eyes to dwell for a moment, on a certain prominent rotundity of his person, and then glanced at one of nearly similar dimensions appertaining to his elderly wife, as though

he were debating the possibility of their ever reposing in the sarcophagus before them. The good lady seemed to understand what was passing in his mind, for she looked kindly at him, and placed her arm within his, with a certain cordiality that seemed to express the hope that it might be long ere they were consigned to their last rest.

"Little did we think, my dear," said the husband, "when we saw Miss O'Neill play Juliet, that ever we should be looking into the stone coffin of the real Juliet. Well, well, you remember, my dear, when I tried to stop you from crying so much, by telling you that it was all an imagination of Shakspeare's; who'd have thought of our coming to the very town where the real tragedy happened, and seeing the very coffin the lovers were buried in!"

The old ciceroné observing, with the acuteness of her profession, that the elderly couple

before her were more gullible than Heatherfield and Desbrow, directed her attention chiefly to them; and after some whispering with their *laquais de place,* an offer was made to them, of which he was the interpreter, that a lock of Juliet's hair might be had for a certain sum. The offer was immediately accepted, and the friends left the sentimental old couple exchanging their piastres for a mesh of tangled hair, whose coarse texture denoted that it had never graced a gentle head, if, indeed, it had not owed its origin to the old cicerone's; and after being looked at with reverence, it was carefully consigned to the bulky pocket-book of the husband, and placed next his passport and letter of credit.

There is, perhaps, no more effectual mode of allaying the bitterness of disappointed affection, than by dwelling on the works of antiquity, that have withstood the attacks of ages.

Since those stupendous monuments were reared, over which time has passed, scathing, but not destroying, what changes have occurred in the moral and physical world! And we, who stand gazing on them, creatures of a day, are fated to pass away as thousands and thousands have passed, who have stood admiring them as we do now. How trifling—how transitory appear our griefs, when we reflect on ourselves as only composing an almost imperceptible portion of the myriads of shadows that are rapidly flitting away.

This thought occurred to both the friends when they again visited the amphitheatre by moonlight, and their melancholy became softened, if not subdued, by the reflection.

"How many men, remarkable for their learning and talents, have stood where we now stand," said Heatherfield, breaking the silence which both, occupied with their meditations,

had preserved for the last hour; "how rich in names is Verona—Catullus, Nepos, Vitruvius! What associations in poetry, history, and architecture. And when the cloud that overshadowed the dark ages had passed away, Verona again produced her great men to regenerate literature—Guarini, Calderini, Valla, Politian, Scaliger, father and son, Pauvisines, Fracastorius, and a host of others. Well do such names accord with the monument before us, and how widely does their beneficent influence extend! How far may the minds of the revivers of letters have been influenced by the contemplation of the splendid wrecks of antiquity which their native city boasts! For when we regard objects that appeal to us so forcibly from the past, is it not natural to wish to leave behind us works which may bequeath our names to posterity, and associate them with the memory of those scenes dear to us in life?

Scaliger, the father, has always appeared to me a most interesting character," continued Heatherfield, musingly; "a youth passed in camps, and a maturity in study, seems such a philosophical transition."

"Yes," replied Desbrow, "I admit that one reflects with complacency on his life; but how can you reconcile his petulant attack on Erasmus, with the equanimity which a practitioner in medicine, and an expounder of divinity, ought to possess?"

"Alas!" said Heatherfield, "it is but another proof of the fallibility of poor human nature; proofs from which so few of the wisest or best have been exempt."

"It is this perfect freedom from all the alloys of genius that makes me turn with such delight to our own Scott," said Desbrow; "there is a mighty mind, unsullied by a single example of envy, hatred, or jealousy. Placed

on an eminence, to which all eyes are directed, even the Argus optics of envy can discover no blemish in him. Unspoilt by praise, and unscathed by censure, his is indeed a brilliant career, and the admiration accorded to the author seems but to increase the affection felt towards the man. But then Scott's nature has never been tried by censure, that corrosive acid which has turned the milk of human kindness of so many, into gall. When he commenced his literary career, critics were more disposed to give praise for the merit a work displayed, than to search with hypercritical acumen for its blemishes. His early fame came to him gradually—it was a stream, each year becoming more vigorous, to which all accustomed themselves, and not a flood that astonished and alarmed the vanity of competitors, by threatening to ingulph them. What a profound knowledge of human nature did he evince, when for years he concealed that

he was the author of the Waverley novels! The praise so universally, so justly bestowed on these admirable works, could not have failed to have raised up a host of jealous foes against an avowed author, however faultless his life, and however brilliant his genius. But Scott fought for and won the high guerdon of renown, as did the heroes of chivalry, with their visors down, and the victory was proclaimed before the victor was known."

"Then you are of opinion that authors would do well to preserve the incognito," said Heatherfield.

"I think they would do wisely," replied Desbrow, "for then their works would be read without those feelings of prejudice, envy, malice, and uncharitableness, which influence but too great a portion of their readers when perusing successful works. The real or imagined faults of authors, as men, would not be mixed

up with the criticisms on their works; and who can say how far the criticisms might be influenced by the critic's total ignorance of the author. Writers, by preserving the incognito until the reputations of their works were perfectly established, would enjoy all the gratification of authorship, without its concomitant annoyances, and fame would at last find them unwounded by the slings and arrows of envy, that never fail to be aimed at him who, unmasked, enters the lists to fight for it."

"How different was the fate of Byron," said Heatherfield, "who was never permitted to bathe his fevered lips in the intoxicating cup of praise, without finding the wormwood bitterness of censure steeped so strongly in it, that he turned disgusted from the draught for which his soul panted. Scott is a beneficent genius, instructing and ameliorating, while he amuses; but Byron showed mankind only the

depths and miseries of their nature, without pointing out one bright vista of consolation, and left them more wretched, and, alas! oftener more wicked, than when he found them. I never read one of those biting satires which poor Byron loved to introduce even in the most impassioned of his poems, without thinking of a passage I met with in a French writer—'Ah! plaignez-moi. Je fronde mes semblables, je ris de leurs malheurs; c'est une satire d'amertume et un rire de grincement de dents; et cette arme avec laquelle je les frappe, je la retire de ma propre blessure."

"Byron, one of the giants of literature, has now passed away," said Desbrow, "while the innumerable pygmies of it are spared, as the blast that bows the majestic oak, the pride of the forest, to the earth, passes harmlessly over the dwarf shrubs at its base."

"Yes," replied Heatherfield; "Byron and

Scott may be said to be giants in literature, and their works will remain to astonish posterity, as do now the fossil remains of colossal animals whose species is extinct; and which conveying such impressions of the stupendous grandeur of the period to which they belonged, make us sensible of the degeneration of the present. Should the works of the pygmies pass down to posterity, they will excite the same feeling that we indulge on discovering shells and other light productions, beneath the surface of high mountains; we value them not, but, as on seeing the fly in amber, wonder how they got there; so will posterity conclude, that the works, like the shells, were preserved by their lightness, which allowed them to float down the stream of time unharmed."

'Byron was, and Scott is, so much a part of our age," said Desbrow, "that it is difficult

to believe that one has indeed passed away; and even this feeling is a proof of the power of genius. The scenes with which both are identified will be sacred, and holy spots for ages to come; and many a worshipper of their genius will make pilgrimages to them. Who can say that a presentiment of this may not have often soothed the angry feelings of Byron, when writhing under those censures, which he loved to call down on his own head, but had not fortitude to support? As to Scott, he has no need to look for consolation from posthumous fame—the whole of Europe are his admirers, and his admirers could not fail to be his friends, such are the effects his writings produce. Rare and happy are the authors who, while captivating the admiration of their readers, excite also their esteem and good-will, and this happiness Scott possesses in an eminent degree."

"Yet we have still some authors, who prove that we are not degenerating," said Heatherfield, "and I could name writers in whose works I can point out passages so deeply imbued with all that is finest in ethics, and most admirable in feeling, that the cynical censors who would deny their excellence, must be content to pass for obtuse and incapable critics. Had the works of the writers I refer to come before the public without the names of the authors, I cannot help thinking that the praise bestowed on them would have been less chary, and the censures more sparing. The politics, the habits, the peculiarities of the authors, could then have no influence on the judgments formed of their works, and living writers might enjoy some portion of that well-earned fame, that is rarely accorded them until death has removed them from the contest."

CHAPTER XIV.

"En songeant qu'il faut l'oublier,
Elle s'en souvient."

Lord Vavasour and his party had remained a few weeks in Switzerland, and then crossed the Alps. Anxious to see the Lake of Como before the season was more advanced, they proceeded there, little doubting that they were retracing the steps of two persons so interested in, and so interesting to, at least two individuals of their party. They had arrived at Como a week before Desbrow had seen Cécile

and her brother on the lake, but by some chance none of the parties had met. On that day, Lady Emily, feeling fatigued from a long ramble the previous one, had remained within doors, while the brother and sister went on the water. Cécile was replying to some affectionate address of Auguste, when her voice struck on the ear of Desbrow, and the grateful tenderness of the few words he had heard, confirmed him in the erroneous conclusion he had drawn from seeing her tête-à-tête with the handsome stranger.

After staying three days at Como, the Vavasours and Bethunes arrived at Milan; and the day of their arrival, having met the Marquesa Ferona, who had formerly been known to Lady Vavasour in England, she so pressingly solicited them to accompany her to the Princess Boromeo's reception that evening, urging as an inducement the opportunity it would give them

of seeing the best private collection of pictures and statues in Milan illuminated, that they consented to go; and thus, were Lady Emily and Lord Heatherfield thrown into each other's way.

The agitation produced on Lady Emily, by the momentary interview, had caused her to faint; and Auguste de Bethune, having placed her in the arms of her mother, had gone in search of Cécile, who was in another apartment with Lord Vavasour; and was leading her to her friend, when they were seen by Desbrow. Neither Heatherfield nor Desbrow was observed by any of the rest of the party; and the sudden faintness of Lady Emily was attributed to the heat of the rooms. When she was sufficiently recovered to move, she was leaving the apartment, supported by her anxious parents, when they encountered a group of ladies, in the midst of whom, to their unspeak-

able surprise and annoyance, they recognised the *ci-devant* Lady Walmer. Her confusion and embarrassment at the rencontre, which not all her practised art could conceal, was apparent to all around her; and the marked avoidance of her, by the English group, was equally visible to her companions.

Lady Emily, judging that the presence of Lord Heatherfield and Lady Walmer in the same assembly, was a positive proof of their marriage, of which event she had hitherto allowed herself to doubt, now shrank before the conviction; and retired from the Palazza Boromeo with much more bitter feelings than when she had entered it. That the husband of another should thus have power to agitate and distress her, was most humiliating to her delicate and pure mind, and she determined that, however much the effort might cost her, he should be thought of no more, save as the

husband of another. The resolution was right, and praiseworthy, and if not always sustained, the fault lay not in the purity of her intentions.

If there be a situation more painful than another, it is that of a young and innocent girl, who having so long indulged an attachment, formed under the sanction of her parents, that it has become, as it were, a part of her very being, suddenly discovers that it is incumbent upon her to subdue it. She has bestowed her heart, ere she had learned to question the truth of him, on whom the gift was conferred; and when untoward circumstances arise to separate them, her health and peace but too often fall a sacrifice to the struggle which reason and virtue oppose to affection.

Emily, however, did not abandon herself to the indulgence of unavailing grief, but the arrow of disappointed love had sunk deep in her heart, and though her efforts to conceal

her sufferings from those around her, were in part successful, they brought not consolation to her wounded spirit. Often did the agitated, and reproachful glance of Lord Heatherfield, as she had last seen him, recur to her memory. Had he a right to look reproachful? he, who had steeped her days in grief, and clouded the future. And yet, that eloquent look, it seemed to express that he was more sinned against than sinning; and it returned again and again, to disturb her peace. She determined to propose to her parents, to make no longer sojourn at Milan; for she dreaded meeting him and his wife, whose splendid attire and flushed cheeks contrasted so forcibly with his sombre habit, and pale countenance. No; she would think of him no more; and yet, in a short time, in spite of every effort, her thoughts again reverted to him.

Lord and Lady Vavasour had consulted to-

gether on their return from the Palazza Boromeo, and had agreed that the sudden indisposition of their daughter must have proceeded from meeting the *ci-devant* Lady Walmer, and that therefore, the sooner they left her vicinity the better. They proposed leaving Milan the next day, to which Emily cheerfully assenting, the whole party were in their travelling carriages at an early hour, and only a short time after the friends, who had set out on the same route, little conscious who were following them.

"Did you not observe the courage and impudence of that woman?" asked Lady Vavasour of her husband, when referring to their interview with Lady Walmer; "my maid saw Lord Heatherfield walking in the street near our hotel, the evening we arrived, and said he was looking pale and thin; no wonder,—for I dare say, that, long before this, he has had cause to repent the marriage he has made."

"Why, as you ask me, my dear," replied Lord Vavasour, "I must say, that I thought I never saw a woman look more embarrassed than did Lady Walmer, when we met her. It was evident to me, that she was not at all prepared for the meeting; and, bad as her conduct has been, I could not help pitying her, when I saw her agitation, and the astonished looks of her companions."

"I really lose patience with you, Lord Vavasour," said his wife, "this is always the way with you men; let a woman only be handsome, and you are all ready to pity her, whatsoever her transgressions may have been. For my part, I should be ashamed to pity such a person; and I wonder at her impudence, in going into society, where she must continually meet people with whom she was acquainted before she compromised her honour; and who,

of course, could not renew their acquaintance with her."

"Well, well, my dear, let us not dispute this point," said the good-natured Lord Vavasour, "for if you reflect on her position, you must admit that it is one to excite pity, and the more, because she has been so blameable."

"Who ever heard of such an argument?" replied the angry lady. "So then, the more blameable a woman has been, according to your liberal principles, the more she is to be pitied."

"Decidedly," said Lord Vavasour; "an innocent woman is consoled for the injustice of censures, by the consciousness of innocence, of which nothing can deprive her; but she who feels that she merits the severity of the world, has a still more severe monitor within her own breast, whose reproaches are too bitter, not to entitle her to the pity of all who reflect on her position."

"I see it's of no use arguing with you," said Lady Vavasour; "but you never can persuade me that a woman who has behaved ill, is a fit object of commiseration. Whatever her troubles may be, she has richly deserved them; and I am for visiting her sins with the most unmitigated severity, as a punishment to her, and a warning to others."

"Would you not increase the punishment where the delinquent was more than usually handsome?" asked Lord Vavasour, with a most provoking look of irony.

"No," replied his angry wife, offended by the implied sarcasm, "I would make no distinction between the handsome and the ugly; I would leave that injustice to *your* sex, who always are ready to forget the enormity of the offence, in the beauty of the offender; and had I my way, I would remain a day or two at Milan, purposely to expose this shameless wo-

man; for if I only told her history to the Marquesa Ferona, she would soon find herself *chassée* from society."

"Is it possible," asked Lord Vavasour, "that you could be so mischievous—so unfeminine? But no, I will not believe it; I cannot think so ill of you."

And so saying, he left the room, to give the necessary instructions for their departure, wondering at the extent of hostility which prudery will occasion a woman, not naturally malicious, to entertain towards those of her own sex, who, having forfeited her esteem and respect, ought even, while avoided, to become objects of her pity.

Lady Emily disclosed to Cécile alone, her momentary interview with Lord Heatherfield, and the effect it had produced on her feelings. "You can no longer doubt that he is married," said she; "now that I saw them in the same

room. They would not—could not, in common decency, meet in such an assembly in any other character than as man and wife; and yet, weak as I was, I doubted their marriage, even after Lord Scamper had announced it at Paris."

"And it was natural that you should doubt it, my beloved friend," replied Cécile, "when only so short a time before, the letter, the last I ever received from Mr. Desbrow, informed me that his friend had entirely broken off with Lady Walmer, and was more attached to you than ever. A mystery seems attached to both our fates; and even now, notwithstanding you saw them in the same room, I cannot bring myself to believe that they are married."

"But, surely," said Emily, "you do not —cannot think so very ill of him, as to believe that he is living with Lady Walmer without giving her the right to his name, or that he

would present to society, a person as his wife who had no right to that title!"

"No, certainly!" replied Cécile; "but we do not know that he presented her; he may, like us, have found himself in her society by chance. In short, my dear Emily, I have heard so much good of him, from one whose opinion I had learned to value, that I cannot quite condemn him without more positive proofs. Look at my own situation: appearances are surely very strong against Mr. Desbrow; and yet I have never believed that he is capable of deception: I should cease to feel for him as I do—" and a deep blush followed the avowal—"if I thought ill of him; but, in defiance of his inexplicable silence,—nay, perhaps of my own reason,—I continue to have an unshaken faith in him."

There was something so consolatory to Emily in the confidence that Cécile expressed, that it

soothed her mind; and she retired to her pillow, with a less saddened spirit than she had possessed for many a previous night. Happy period of life when hope can so quickly replace the sombre visions of despair, and the youthful mind turns from the dark realities of the present to the brighter future, which only experience teaches us to doubt, by having made us feel the fallacy of its promises!

CHAPTER XV.

Partout nous rendons hommage, par nos troubles et par nos remords secrets, à la sainteté de cette vertu que nous violons; partout un fonds d'ennui et de tristesse, inséparable du crime, nous fait sentir que l'ordre et l'innocence sont le seul bonheur qui nous était destiné sur la terre. Nous avons beau faire montrer une vaine intrépidité, la conscience criminelle se trahit toujours elle-même.

The Prince and Princess Romano pursued their thoughtless career of extravagance and folly, each day plunging them deeper into debt, and all the humiliations attending it. The uncle of the Prince died at this period, leaving his

fortune to his nephew, on the condition of his taking the title of Prince Cesarini;—a condition readily complied with. And now the Princess believed that there was an end to all the pecuniary embarrassments of her husband, and, consequently, to her own liability for the sums for which she had given her signature. She little knew that the princely inheritance of the uncle was already dissipated by *post obits* to all its amount, leaving nothing to its ruined inheritor, but the satisfaction of freeing himself from the power of some of the wily gamesters and usurers, who had made him their prey. He had not courage to tell her his real position; for, independent of the humiliation attending such an avowal, he had seen enough of her temper and selfishness to cause him to tremble at the very idea of the ebullition of both, which such a declaration must draw down on him, and—though not dreading the ruin that awaited him, or if he dreaded it, silencing

reflection in the round of pleasures in which he passed his existence—he shrank before the thought of the bitter sarcasms and reproaches with which the princess would not fail to overwhelm him, on discovering the deception he had practised on her.

The indifference she had felt for him on their marriage, had been followed by contempt and dislike, on detecting that he had sought her for her reputed wealth, and not from affection: her vanity had never pardoned this mortifying discovery; and she took so little pains to conceal her sentiments, that he became disgusted with his home, and still more so with her, whom conscience told him he had irreparably injured.

The Princess was not slow in perceiving the inattention of her husband, and in resenting it with violence. Her reproaches drove him still more frequently abroad, and he formed an attachment—if so, such disgraceful *liaisons* can be

called—with a *danseuse* lately arrived from Florence, to whom he publicly offered his attentions.

The Princess had made too many enemies at Milan, to be left long in ignorance of the conduct of her unprincipled husband. Anonymous letters poured in on her, couched in terms the most calculated to wound and mortify her, and while writhing in agony under the humiliations she was forced to endure, she found herself without a single friend to whom she could turn for consolation. It was at this crisis that she met Lady Vavasour and her daughter at the Palazzo Boromeo; and their marked avoidance, coupled with the confusion which the rencontre excited in her, awakened suspicions in the minds of her enemies, highly derogatory to her honour—suspicions which they were most active in endeavouring to justify. The Princess Barberini, with whom the Princess Romano had quarrelled, was appealed to by the enemies of this lady:

exaggerated statements of the looks and manner of the noble English family towards their compatriot were made to her; and all this brought to her recollection the extraordinary coldness of the minister at Florence, on the occasion of the marriage, and the as extraordinary rudeness of all the English whom they chanced to meet there.

Something very dreadful must be attached to the Princess, and they must find it out. Inquiries were made at every side—letters were written—and, *en attendant*, it was determined that she should be deposed from her usurped sovereignty over the society at Milan, and that those she had excluded from it should be received again. The few ladies who had acted with her, in drawing the line of demarcation, now disclaimed the part they had taken, and threw all the blame and odium on her, so that she found herself slighted abroad and neglected at home; tortured by feelings of wounded

pride and vanity, that preyed upon her heart, and bereft of the last consolation of the wretched—an approving conscience.

It was now that for the first time this unhappy woman began to reflect on her past life, and the misconduct that led to her present misery. Conscience, though it may be silenced for awhile, makes itself heard at length, and bitterly did it now avenge her former neglect of its dictates. In vain did she endeavour to fly from the reflections that pursued her: the solitude in which she found herself gave her time to think, even to madness; but, alas! she had yet to learn to submit with meekness to the punishment she had drawn on herself. She was more disposed to oppose, than to bend to the chastisement; and the angry feelings she gave way to, served but to aggravate her sufferings.

To her brother she turned for that consolation and protection, which seemed denied to her

on every other side; but here again pride met her, armed with its stings. How could she address him, on whom she had brought dishonour, and whose life had been exposed to avenge it? how ask him to countenance and protect a sister, who had thrown away all the advantages of a brilliant station, and a large fortune, and made herself an outcast from her country and society? No, she would not—could not—write to him; she would suffer all—every thing, sooner than this humiliation.

At this crisis of her fate, an English lady arrived at Milan, whose character some few years before had caused her exclusion from society. The Princess, as Lady Walmer, had been amongst those who had the most severely censured the lady in question, and set the example of refusing to receive her. This conduct had never been forgotten or forgiven; and when the lady found herself again in the same place with her former enemy, she concluded that she must either expose

the character of the *ci-devant* Lady Walmer, and so chase her from society, or be herself excluded by the influence of that lady. She hesitated not to take her measures accordingly, and the curiosity excited by malevolence, was amply satisfied by the disclosures which interested malice was not slow to make. The simple truth, if adhered to, might not have answered the purposes of the narrator, because lapses from conjugal fidelity are unhappily not crimes unknown or unpardonable in Italy; but when to it were added exaggerated representations of the disgraceful *esclandre* of a public elopement, and the death of the deserted husband, stated to have been caused by the misconduct of the wife, the utmost indignation was excited. Her subsequent desertion of her lover, who was represented as a sort of *preux chevalier*, pining in despair at the inconstancy of the woman for whom he was said to have made the greatest sacrifices, was considered an aggravation of her guilt, but

when to these representations was joined, the assertion that the Princess was guilty of deception in passing herself off for a person of great wealth, she being possessed of but a comparatively small fortune,—it was no wonder that she found herself deserted by all those who had hitherto flocked round her, and to the greater part of whom her husband stood indebted.

The Prince was looked upon by his compatriots as an injured man, a victim to the insidious arts of a designing adventuress; he was greatly to be pitied, as they said; but for her, no punishment could be too severe.

When the Princess Romano heard of the arrival of Lady Montressor at Milan, and her intention of establishing herself there, she felt that her own reign was ended; for well she knew the tactics of her enemy, and the effects they could not fail to produce. Lady Montressor was supported by two infallible pass-

ports to foreign society, a husband's protection, and a large fortune, and therefore a contest with her, under present circumstances, would be too unequal, to leave the most remote prospect of success to her countrywoman, who determined, therefore, not to risk a battle; but, if she must fall, to fall, like Cæsar, with decent dignity.

Illness, that excuse so often had recourse to when a retreat from society becomes necessary, was now alleged as the reason that the Princess Romano no longer appeared at the brilliant reunions, where she had hitherto formed one of the greatest ornaments. Nor was the excuse without foundation; for her health had suffered severely within the last few weeks, from the various painful emotions that had passed through her mind. Left to the uninterrupted solitude of her own house, the total inattention of the Prince, was now more forcibly felt. The re-

collection of the soothing kindness of the husband she had wronged and slighted, was brought back to her mind, by the contrast offered to it by *him* for whom she had made pecuniary sacrifices, to the amount of all her fortune. The quiet evenings in her boudoir, when some trifling indisposition having confined her to the house, Lord Walmer gave up his engagements and his club to sit chatting with her by the fireside, were now remembered. The thousand little acts of good-natured attention; the flowers and new novels brought by him, to enliven a solitude, that could hardly be so called, from the select friends continually dropping in to share it—all, all now recurred to her memory with acute but vain regret, as she looked at the splendid, but deserted salons around her, whence magnificence had banished comfort, and where all the decorations denoted they were prepared for brilliant society, and not for the enjoyment of do-

mestic happiness. They were as a theatre, fitted up for splendid representations, where the actors and actresses were required to put on their richest robes to play their different parts, but the exhibition finished, and the audience and actors retired, how dreary, how chilling became this gilded desert! Home—that blessed English word, that sends a thousand fond recollections thrilling through the heart where was she now to find it? Not in the lofty chambers, whose gilded ceilings spoke only of luxury and state, whose walls, lined with the glorious triumphs of the masters of painting, seemed to mock her gloom. Not in galleries, where the most exquisite *chef d'œuvres* of sculpture, reflected in vast mirrors, seemed starting into life, but with all the cold obduracy of death. No, she could find here *no home*, and her dazzled eyes and wearied spirits turned from the splendour around her, while she sighed

for some quiet spot in dear—dear England, where she might pass the rest of her life, hearing again her native accents, and seeing dear familiar faces once more, even though they might no longer greet her with smiles. And him—to whom she had united her destiny—where was he, that she was thus left to uninterrupted solitude?—he surely, as she thought with bitterness, had no reason to hate her. She had not wronged or slighted *him*,—nay, she had given him the wealth with which the generosity of a betrayed husband had enriched her. And tears of bitterness, at the Prince's unkind desertion of her—of her, a stranger in his land—streamed from her eyes.

Well did she know that he was now passing his hours in the society of a meretricious beauty, on whom was lavished the remnant of his ruined fortune; and the reflection, that for such a person was she deserted, added bitter-

ness to her already deeply wounded feelings. She wept in uncontrollable anguish; pride and vanity, the two ruling passions of her weak mind were bruised, but not subdued; and every blow aimed at them, caused them to bleed afresh.

Now was it that her soul yearned for some friend to speak comfort to her, but yearned in vain. She was alone, and in a foreign country, where she had been too much envied to be able to excite the milder feeling of pity, and that grief for her wrongs which sympathy might have lightened, eat into her very soul, as came the bitter reflection, that no one cared for—no one felt for her.

Her brother, at this moment, crossed again her memory,—yes, *he* must have still some natural feelings; the ties of blood never can be wholly obliterated; and though he must blame, yet must he also pity her. Then came a thousand

tender recollections of their days of infancy, those happy days, when care was a stranger to her joyous heart; their affectionate and cordial intercourse in maturer age, their tearful parting, when his regiment was ordered to a distant clime—all now passed before her with a vividness that seemed as if long, long months had not separated them; and in her awakened feelings of affection towards this last—this only object on whom they could repose, she wondered how she could have remained so long without throwing herself on his pity and love. Yes, she would write to him on the morrow; she would tell him how bitterly she had repented, if not expiated, her errors; and she would pray him to take her once more to his bosom, and let her die beneath the shelter of his roof—that roof beneath which her happiest days had been passed.

The pendule on her chimney striking two in

the morning, interrupted the train of thought, that had made her forget the present, in reflections on the past; and she was rising to seek her couch, when a noise in the vestibule attracted her attention. It grew louder and louder: a thousand fears crossed her excited imagination, till, unable any longer to support the suspense, she rushed towards the spot, and saw the body of a man, borne by servants, into the apartment of the Prince. All the woman and the wife was aroused in her heart at the sight.

It was—it must be her husband—dead, or mortally wounded; and she forgot that he had wronged her, that she had never loved him, as with pitying anxiety she rushed to the couch on which they had placed him; and, by the light which now fell on his pale face, recognised not her husband—but her brother.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Desperate is the grief of that heart which prosperity has hardened, and who feels the first arrow of affliction strike it through the life of a beloved object."

The brother of the Princess Romano had lost all trace of her for some time, until he read, in Galignani's Journal, the account of her marriage. At first he disbelieved it; but the details were so circumstantially related, that he at length was satisfied of its truth. He was shocked and disgusted at the indecorous haste with which she had contracted this alliance with a stranger; and it led him to believe that Lord Heatherfield was less blameable than he

had previously imagined. He remained for some time in constant expectation, that letters from her would be forwarded to him from England, as he had left instructions with his agent there, to send after him any letter that might arrive. Though deeply wounded by his sister's conduct, he had not ceased to feel for her a lively sentiment of affection; which urged him to visit Italy, that he might satisfy himself as to her real situation, and add to its respectability and comfort, by giving her his countenance and protection.

At Florence, he ascertained, that her marriage had been solemnized there, with all due regularity; and that she resided at Milan, whither he proceeded solely for the purpose of seeing her. Unfortunately, the person who gave the address, was unacquainted with her husband's change of name.

On his first arrival at Florence, Lord Bertie

had formed an acquaintance with the handsome *danseuse* who had subsequently become the favourite of the Prince Romano, at Milan; and, as she knew when the rich and generous Englishman was expected to arrive at the latter place, he found a note from her, at the hotel where he stopped, awaiting him, requesting that he would sup with her that night.

It was late when he reached Milan; and as it only wanted an hour to the time appointed by the Signora for him to present himself, he merely changed his travelling dress, and wrote a few lines to his sister, which he put in his pocket, and proceeded to the residence of Mademoiselle, intending there to learn the exact address of the Princess, and announce his visit to her for the next day.

The *danseuse*, who expected him, and wished to receive him without the presence of her new friend, whose jealousy she dreaded, had made

many ineffectual efforts to get rid of the Prince: who at length becoming suspicious, pretended to withdraw,—but having taken his leave, stationed himself at the corner of the street, where he soon saw his suspicions justified by the arrival of the stranger. He followed him softly up the stairs, into the ante-room, and was a witness to the animated, and more than amicable, welcome with which he was received by the false Signora.

The enraged Prince rushed into the chamber, confounded his unworthy protégée with the most violent reproaches, and in terms of imperious insolence, commanded the stranger to withdraw.

His commands were treated with contempt; the stranger declared his intention of remaining: and the infuriated Prince, losing all command of his reason, drew a cane sword with which he was armed, and plunged it into the side of his

unarmed rival, who dropped, deluged with blood, on the floor.

In falling, a letter dropped from his pocket; the Prince seized it, and beheld with astonishment, that it was addressed to his own wife. To tear it open, was the work of a moment; but it was written in English, of which language he had so slight a knowledge, that the name only, signed to the few lines, was intelligible. This name he had often heard his wife repeat, as being that of her only brother, who now lay before him, to all appearance, dead, or dying. He asked la Signora to repeat the name, and her articulation of it convinced him he was right.

Giddy and unreflecting as was the Prince, he was not destitute of feeling; though, alas! those of contrition were but of brief duration in his heart. He ordered the servant of the Signora to send to his palazzo, to command the attendance of his carriage and half-a-dozen of

his servants; and consigned to them the nearly lifeless person of his brother-in-law, with strict injunctions to convey him to his apartment: and having ordered that two of the most celebrated surgeons at Milan might be called in for the wounded man, and provided himself with the necessary money and wardrobe, he left Milan for Naples, there to await the result of the wound of Lord Bertie. He hoped that it might not prove mortal, and that the brother and sister might be comforted by finding themselves beneath the same roof.

He had given instructions that the catastrophe might be broken as gently as possible to the Princess, who he concluded would be in her bed when her brother was brought to the palazzo: but, as we have shown, the event justified not his expectations; and this unfortunate woman found her only, her beloved brother, mortally wounded, at the moment that she had

been thinking of him with feelings of awakened tenderness, and looking to him as her last refuge from despair.

A fainting fit brought a temporary oblivion to her grief and terror; but soon, too soon, she returned to a consciousness of the horrors of her situation. She broke from the arms of her female attendants, who tried, but in vain, to restrain her; and rushed with frantic sorrow to the couch, on which lay her dying brother.

She threw herself on her knees by his side; she seized his hand, which was covered with the blood flowing from the wound, to which it had been pressed; and she called to him, addressing him by every epithet that tenderness could suggest, to look at her, to speak to her once more.

Those well-known accents awoke recollection in the dying man; and though life was fast ebbing, he made an effort to speak, but the

sounds died on his lips; and opening his eyes, over which the film of death was spreading, he gave her a parting look, in which the expression of affection triumphed over that of pain; and faintly pressing her hand, which held his, expired with a groan.

It was many weeks ere the unhappy Princess became conscious of what had occurred; for a violent brain fever had brought her to the verge of the tomb, leaving her in a state of almost childish imbecility; and such was the alarming degree of languor it had left behind, that her physicians pronounced, that though she might linger on for some months, her recovery was hopeless. She would sit for whole hours, with her eyes fixed on the couch where she had seen her brother expire, as if watching some one who reposed on it. At the least noise, she would turn with impatience, and make signs for it to cease; and then approach on tip-toes, stooping

her head as if to gaze on the pillow; then having again held up her hand to command silence, she would return to her chair, and fall into the same state of abstraction as before. Whenever she spoke, it was in English, of which the attendants were ignorant; and all her conversation was addressed to the couch on which she supposed her brother to recline. Gazing on that couch, while tears streamed down her pale cheeks, she would recount all the humiliations and chagrin she had suffered, and intreat of her brother to take her away with him.

While the erring and unfortunate Princess Romano was in this state, the creditors of her unfeeling husband took possession of the palazzo, and had even the inhumanity to propose ejecting her from it;—nay, some of them were for sending her to a prison, as the bills she had accepted were now due, and the absence of the Prince Romano led them to suspect that there

existed but little chance of their being honoured.

Some of the most obdurate of the creditors even endeavoured to force themselves into her presence; and her female attendants having in vain attempted to prevent them, they entered the ante-room that led to her chamber, followed by the under servants, who were clamorous in their complaints against their ruined master and mistress.

The sounds of their loud and angry voices alarmed the Princess; she looked with frantic gaze around her, and springing to the couch, on which her brother had expired, and where she still believed him to recline, threw herself on her knees beside it, exclaiming, "Save me, oh! my brother, save me!"

At this moment, the creditors entered; and rudely approaching her, explained the nature of their claims. But they spoke to ears inca-

pable of comprehending them, for ever since the death of her brother she seemed to have wholly forgotten the Italian language. She hid her face on the pillow, still clasping it with her arms, and uttering faint cries of "Save me, dear brother! save me!" while they stood, in doubt as to whether she really was insane, or only acting insanity.

The repeated representations of her female attendants at length convinced them that her reason had fled; and they retired to consult what was the best course to be pursued under such circumstances.

To the pity of a few of her former acquaintances at Milan, did the Princess Romano now owe the scanty personal comforts that were allowed her; and though, by the death of her brother, she became heiress to his large fortune, the individuals around her, most interested in the affair, were ignorant of the circumstance.

and her mental faculties had received too rude a shock to permit her to give it even a thought. Thus, while she was reduced to the humiliation of living on the charity of strangers, a humiliation to which she, however, was insensible, she was mistress of a fortune that might have commanded the respect of those who now reproached her poverty. At moments, gleams of recollection would flash across her bewildered mind; and she would look around her as if in search of some one; but on the least noise, she would rush to the couch, conceal her face behind its pillow, and while her limbs trembled with the agitation that shook her frame, "Save me, brother! save me!" were the only words that passed her lips.

An account had been written to Naples to the Prince Romano, to apprise him of the fatal result of the wound of his brother-in-law, and the illness and mental derangement of his wife.

He contented himself with writing to one or two of his friends at Milan, to request them to attend to the personal comfort of the Princess, a request that had little weight, and he sought consolation for the temporary chagrin he experienced, in all the pleasures and luxuries that Naples could offer.

The *danseuse* being the only witness to his murder of the brother of his wife, he felt little alarm as to her betraying him; and the continuation of the Princess's imbecility, he considered on the whole rather fortunate, as it precluded her from instituting any inquiries on the subject. His regret could not, as he philosophically reasoned, bring back his brother-in-law to life, or his wife to her senses, and therefore it was useless for him to grieve for what was inevitable. But to banish the troublesome reflections that would sometimes intrude, in spite of his callosity, he was obliged to have

recourse to more than his ordinary pursuits of pleasure, and passed his time in a round of amusements that filled up every hour, until his diminished purse began to remind him that it was not that of Fortunatus, and was much more quickly exhausted than the pleasures that had drawn louis after louis from it.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Again we meet, but now to part no more,
'Till death shall snap the bonds of love asunder;
For nought but the grim king who conquers all
By taking life, can end a love like ours.
Oh! let us pray his mandate may go forth,
To summon both from earth the self-same instant."

Lord Heatherfield, and his friend Desbrow, had made several excursions on horseback, in the neighbourhood of Verona, and were returning from one of them late in the evening, when having to cross the road leading from La Guarda to Verona, the sounds of angry voices, mingled with entreaties and female shrieks, struck on

their ears. They were armed, and attended by two servants who had pistols; and having desired them to follow, they instantly urged their horses into a rapid pace, and soon came up to two travelling carriages, surrounded by eight or ten brigands, who were threatening destruction to any one who offered them resistance. Two gentlemen were kept prisoners by four of the brigands, the men-servants were lying flat on their faces, as were the postillions, by the command of the robbers, while they were rifling the carriages of their contents. A group of females stood wringing their hands in terror, their cries interrupted by the threats and coarse jests of the brigands.

The friends galloped boldly up to the party, uttering shouts to make them believe that they were more numerous, upon which the brigands left their prisoners, and faced the new comers, with whom they engaged. The

gentlemen and servants now seized the arms, which the robbers had not taken from the carriages, and advanced to the succour of the assailants of the brigands, who finding themselves pressed on all sides, hastily retreated, but not until three of them had fallen dead, and two more were desperately wounded. While retreating, one of them turned and aimed his pistol at the gentleman who had shot his companion; but at the moment he was taking aim, Desbrow fired at him, and the pistol dropped from his shattered hand, the ball having fractured his arm.

All this was the business of a few minutes; two of the servants only were wounded, and the ladies rushed to their deliverers in speechless joy. But how express their surprise in discovering in two of them, Lord Heatherfield and Mr Desbrow, who were equally astonished and delighted at finding whom they had rescued.

Lord Vavasour had repeatedly shaken hands with the friends, and even Lady Vavasour could not resist thanking Lord Heatherfield most cordially for having saved them; how then, could Lady Emily do less than present her trembling hand, which was grasped by that of her lover, but almost as instantaneously let drop, as he recollected that hand was now the property of another. She remarked the action, and attributed it to the reflection of his own altered position, which, as the husband of Lady Walmer, entitled him not to the indulgence of such a familiarity.

Desbrow had stood almost petrified by the side of Cécile, who gazed at him with tearful eyes, as she marked the paleness of his face, on which the lamps of the carriage shed their light. At length, she found words, and tremulous with emotion, turned to Desbrow, and said, "How shall I thank you for having

saved my brother? I saw the brigand's pistol aimed at him, when your shot made it drop from his hand. Auguste, my brother, here is Mr. Desbrow: assist me to thank him."

Auguste directly reached forth his hand, which was seized by that of Desbrow, who, not content with merely pressing it, clasped the astonished Auguste in his arms, exclaiming, "Now, then, once more I may know happiness, and Cécile, dear, dear Cécile, may be mine."

"All this seems very strange, but very happy," said Lord Vavasour; "but come come, the high-road is no place for explanations, let us reserve them for Verona, where I invite you, Lord Heatherfield and your friend, to join our supper-table."

"I shall certainly wait on you," said Desbrow, "but, *en attendant*, I shall ride by the side of the carriage of Mademoiselle de Be-

thune, to be quite sure that nothing can again occur."

The happy and bewildered Cécile could only press her friend Lady Emily's arm, in speechless joy; but that young lady was far from participating in her rapture.

Having exchanged cordial congratulations with Lady Vavasour and Lady Emily, Auguste de Bethune led his sister to her carriage: when Lord Heatherfield, astonished at his coldness towards Lady Emily, whom he believed to be his wife, advanced respectfully towards her to offer his arm to assist her also to it. She gave him her hand, but when he would have led her to that of the Comte de Bethune, she motioned that she wished to be conducted to the other.

"How," said Lord Heatherfield, "do you not travel with your husband?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Emily; "what can you mean?"

"Answer me, I entreat, I beseech you," uttered he, rapidly, "is not that gentleman," pointing to Auguste, "your husband?"

"I have no husband," replied the agitated girl; "but you, Lord Heatherfield, you, who are married, is it well of you thus to try my feelings?" and a flood of tears burst from her eyes.

"I married! no, I never was, and never will be, dearest, adored Emily, unless you are my wife," said Heatherfield.

"Come, come, Emily, my dear," said Lord Vavasour, "your mother is in the carriage waiting for you, so let us be off; you'll not fail to meet us at supper, Heatherfield." And so saying he hurried Lady Emily to the carriage, who still leant on Lord Heatherfield's arm, and gently returned the pressure of his hand, as he placed her in the carriage.

Who shall describe the feelings of the lovers

as they proceeded towards Verona? Desbrow kept by the side of Cécile's carriage, who had opened the window, that she might occasionally exchange a few words with him, while her hand rested in that of her brother, who was a glad witness of her happiness. Heatherfield escorted the carriage of Lord Vavasour, while Emily, with a heart overflowing with delight, watched his movements, and felt her soul again expand to hope.

Arrived at Verona, Lord Heatherfield sought a few moments' conversation in private with Lord Vavasour, and explained to him the marriage of Lady Walmer with the Prince, and his consequent freedom from all engagements save that which love for his daughter had rendered irrevocable to his heart.

"Well, then, she is yours, my dear Heatherfield," replied the gratified father. "All is now forgiven and forgotten. I will explain

all this to Lady Vavasour, and though she is a little prudish, (a fault on the right side, my dear fellow,) she loves our child too well to stand between her and her happiness."

While this interview took place, Desbrow had sought Auguste de Bethune, and made him acquainted with all that is already known to our readers. When he described his horror and grief at discovering that he had killed the brother of his affianced wife, the generous, kind-hearted Auguste embraced him, and made light of the wound he had received; but when he drew from his pocket-book the note he had received from Cécile's father, and handing it to Auguste, expressed his fear that the Comte de Bethune would never receive him as the husband of his daughter, Auguste told him that *he* was now the sole guardian of Cécile, as their father was no more, and that *he* gladly would bestow her hand where he knew her heart had

long been given. Desbrow was only able to embrace him. They agreed to conceal from Cecile the part her father had acted towards Desbrow, and they then sought the rest of the party, than which a happier never assembled together. Even Lady Vavasour forgot all her former objections to Lord Heatherfield; and when the two delighted girls found themselves for a few minutes alone, ere seeking their pillows, Lady Emily, embracing her friend, exclaimed, "How right you were, dearest Cécile, in not doubting your lover, and how wrong was I in doing such injustice to mine!"

Nothing now remains to be said, except that the whole party proceeded to Naples, where the nuptials of the Marquis of Heatherfield with the Lady Emily Vavasour were solemnized, on the same day that Mr. Desbrow led Mademoiselle de Bethune to the hymeneal altar.

A letter from the Marquesa Ferroni having apprized Lady Vavasour of the death of the brother of the Princess Romano, and the ruined health and deranged intellects of that unhappy woman, as also that the creditors had taken possession of the palazzo, and threatened to arrest its mistress, the Marchioness of Heatherfield entreated her mother so warmly in favour of the Princess, that she consented to write to the Marquesa, requesting that every attention might be paid to that unfortunate person, and engaging to defray all expenses that might be incurred. She even sent her own maid, a most humane and intelligent Englishwoman, to attend her; but she only arrived at Milan to witness the last hours of the wretched, but penitent woman, who recovered not her reason until a few days before her death. It was a consolation to her, to receive the soothing attentions

of her humble countrywoman; and when she discovered that it was to the kindness of Lady Heatherfield and Lady Vavasour that she owed this last comfort, she devoted a few of her numbered hours, to writing to Lady Heatherfield an avowal of the arts she had employed to entrap Lord Heatherfield, and make him break his engagement, knowing as she did, that his heart was devoted to another.

She made a will, bequeathing the whole of her fortune to the Marchioness of Heatherfield, as a slight atonement for the unhappiness she had caused her, and died a true penitent, giving in her last hours an example of Christian fortitude and piety, that we may hope was accepted in expiation of the errors of her life—errors that plunged her in shame and dishonour, and which owed their existence to want of religion and moral

principles. She had thought of, and lived but for society, unmindful that it casts from its bosom the unhappy, and the erring, as a vigorous constitution repels contagious diseases. The past and the present were now unveiled to her dying eyes, robbed of all their illusions, and she turned from that world, which had hitherto been her idol, to fix her hopes on the mercy of *Him*, who can pardon those sins that *his* fallible creatures condemn without pity.

A few days before her death, she entreated that her body, with that of her brother, might be sent to England, and laid in the same tomb with her parents. Almost the last words she uttered were—

"Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,—
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear."

The Friends returned to England blessed

with wives, whose virtues render them an ornament to society, and a source of the purest happiness to their domestic circles.

THE END.

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